SHOTGUN SHOOTOUT | LADY CAPTAIN JACKS | THE COWBOY'S MONEY

TRUE WESTERNER

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BUTCH CASSIDY RETURNS FOR HIS BURIED COINS

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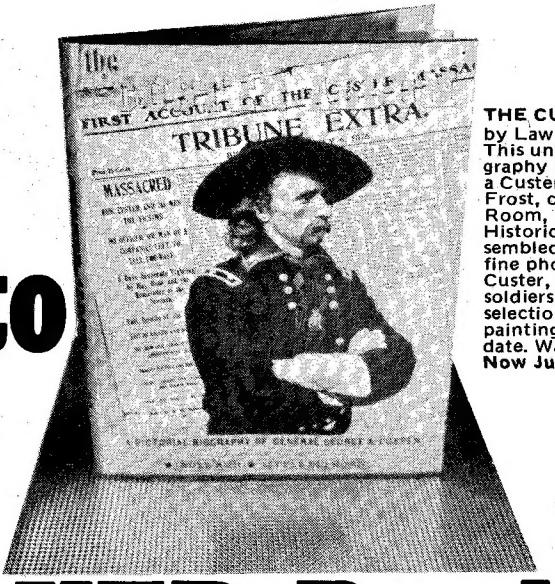

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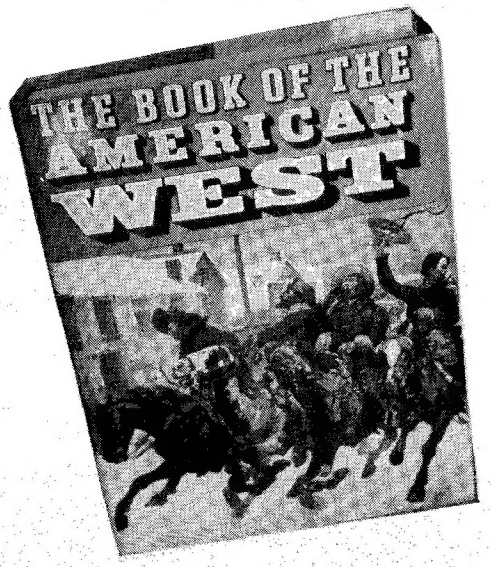

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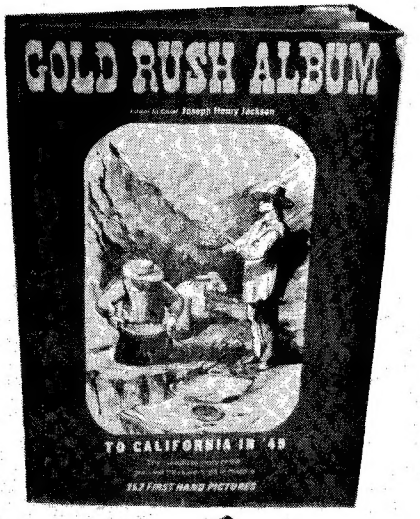

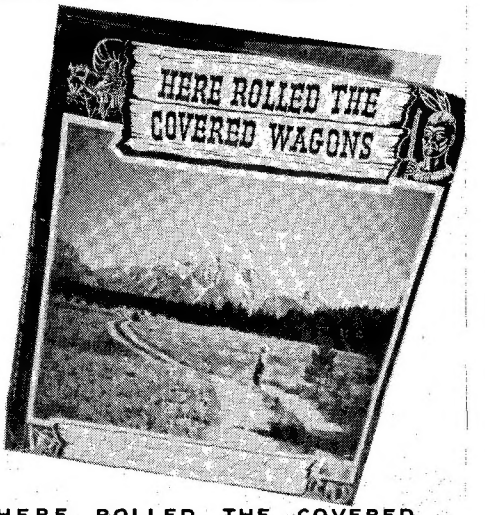

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WESTERNER

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 3 SUMMER, 1975

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COVER

"All that glitters . . ." After years of searching, our old timer has finally found the real thing. Only it's blinded him to the dangers of the wild. You might say that rattler is guardian of the gold. Cover created specially for WESTERNER by artist Jim Daly.

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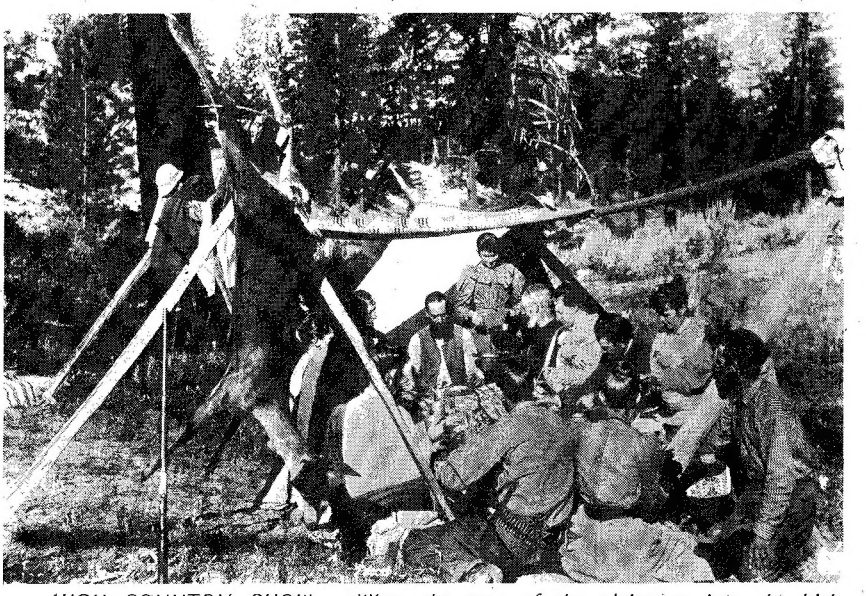
The WEST AS IT WAS

by BOB BROWN

AMBUSH . . . There never was a bank robber with any sense at all that didn't learn to read the signs of a trap or else the people would be reading his tombstone! There was a few real stupid ones that just bungled along and made it for a whole on pure dumb luck but their luck always ran out eventually and they ended up looking at daisy roots somewhere in a cheap grave.

One of the first signs of a trap was when there were no horses tied at the hitchrails. There were always horses on the street so it just figured that if there weren't any then something was wrong . . . bad wrong. The first thing a cowhand was going to do was protect his horse. He just wasn't about to leave it out there on the street where it might catch a stray slug. It was the only thing he really owned and he got attached to his horse anyway. You wouldn't leave your pet dog tied out in the street where there was going to be a bank robbery would you? Well, the cowhand thought more of his horse than you do your dog so he wasn't leaving him out there either. And that was a dead giveaway of a trap and if a bank robber didn't learn that early he was just in the wrong business. But who can figure out a bank robber that thinks he can make a living like that for long anyway? Even if the bank robbers were fairly smart in figuring out things like that, they didn't know much anyway. People just don't give up their money very easy and it was no different in the west during the early days.



HIGH COUNTRY CHOW . . . When the men of the plains go into the high mountain country they find that a great many things have changed with the altitude. Not the least of these things is the cooking. Most foods will take at least twice as long to cook and even then won't be as done as it would be in the low country.

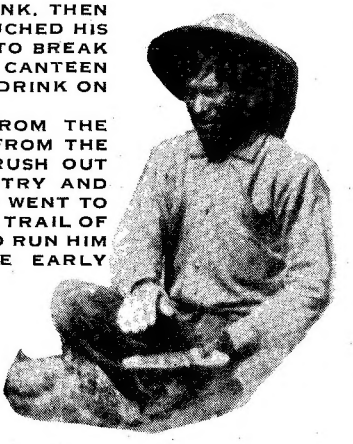
Miners were always fond of beans and the cowboy runs him a close second, but don't try to cook a pot of beans in less than two days because it just can't be done. Cooking beans for one day will still leave them so hard you can pop a tooth on them without any trouble at all.

ALMOST FULL . . . A MAN HAD TO LEARN TO TAKE FIRST THINGS FIRST IF HE WAS GOING TO SURVIVE IN THE EARLY WEST. JUST A LITTLE THING LIKE GETTING A DRINK OF WATER CAN END IN DISASTER IF IT ISN.T DONE RIGHT.

INDIANS LIKED TO WAIT FOR THE WHITE MAN AT THE WATER HOLE WHERE HE WOULD EVENTUALLY HAVE TO COME AND THEN CAST HIS EYES DOWNWARD AND BE OFFGUARD FOR AN INSTANT WHILE HE DRANK HIS FILL. THE WATER HOLE WAS ALSO THE FAVORITE STALKING PLACE OF THE OUTLAW AND ROBBER. FEW PEOPLE CAN RESIST A WATER HOLE EVEN IF HE ISN.T THIRSTY. YOU LEARNED TO DRINK WHEN POSSIBLE' BECAUSE THERE MIGHT BE A LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS.

ALL WATER HOLES WERE APPROACHED WITH CAUTION AND THE HORSE GOT THE FIRST DRINK. THEN THE MAN FILLED HIS CANTEEN BEFORE HE TOUCHED HIS LIPS TO THE COOL WATER. YOU MIGHT HAVE TO BREAK AND RUN AND IT WAS BETTER TO HAVE A FULL CANTEEN THAN A FULL STOMACH. YOU COULD ALWAYS DRINK ON THE RUN IF NEED BE.

MANY MEN NEVER DRANK DIRECTLY FROM THE WATER HOLE' BUT KEPT ALERT AND SIPPED FROM THE CANTEEN. IT WAS ALSO A GOOD IDEA TO BRUSH OUT YOUR TRACKS IF YOU WERE IN INDIAN COUNTRY AND YOUR HORSE WAS SHOD. INDIANS FREQUENTLY WENT TO THE WATER HOLE IN HOPES OF PICKING UP THE TRAIL OF A LONE RIDER AND FOLLOW UNTIL THEY COULD RUN HIM DOWN. A LOT OF MEN HAVE DIED IN THE EARLY WEST . . . JUST FOR A DRINK OF WATER.



HAND FISHING . . . Indians used many methods to catch fish and one of the most common methods was "Fish Tickling" or "Grabbling" or whatever you want to call it. This was done by catching fish with nothing more than your hands. People think that Trout are a spooky fish and they are right, but the Indian often caught the trout with their hands by what is known in the west as "Tickling" the fish.

This is done by wading along the creeks and streams very slowly and reaching under the rocks and logs very carefully. The Trout won't leave if you touch him lightly. Then you tickle him on his stomach while you get a hold on him with your other hand and throw him out on the bank.

The true Grabbling is done by reaching in the fish's mouth or gills or lower jaw and hauling him out without any Tickling. This is the method most often used on catfish during the spawning season. The Indian didn't care much for this kind of method of catching catfish because of the snake problem. Where there are catfish there are poison water snakes and you can't really tell the difference when feeling under a slick rock which by which. Sometimes this was done by fixing a large hook directly to the end of a limber pole that is four to six feet long. You reach under the logs and rocks with the pole and if something moves you hook it and drag it out.

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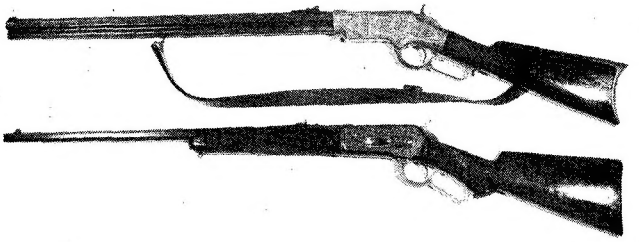
RIFLE BORE . . . The bore or inside of the rible barrel didn't last very long unless you cleaned it perfectly after it was fired. This was due to the fact that the primers in early ammunition had a mercury base. This mercury would rust and erode the steel barrel in just a few days unless every trace of it was removed.

You had to give the last three inches next to the muzzle special attention. This is the part that controls the accuracy of the bullet and is subject to more wear due to the hot gasses.

If this last three inches of the barrel becomes badly worn the bullet will "key hole" or tumble end over end instead of travelling straight to the target. This tumbling of the bullet will cut down a great deal on how far the rifle will shoot and makes it almost impossible to hit anything.

If the damage is just at the end of the muzzle the barrel can generally be cut back several inches and the rifle will shoot good again for a while. If the barrel is worn to the point where the bullet is a sloppy fit there is no choice but to replace the barrel or retire the rifle to the junk pile.



AFOOT . . . About the only time a cow ever saw a cowhand on foot would be around the branding fire. There was reason to be on foot in cow country anyway and it was just plain dangerous and very foolish. The cow thought nothing of a man on horseback but he was real strange to them on foot and it always seemed to make the cow fighting mad.

There were times when a cowhand had to race a mad steer to a place of shelter and other times when it became painfully clear that the cow was faster than the man and in this unequal race the cow was bound to win. There were several things a man could do when he saw that the race was going badly. The first of these was to jerk off his hat and quickly swat the cow across the face with this hat as hard as possible. If it didn't make the critter attempt a quick turn it would at least make it hesitate long enough to give the man another head start. You could do this a couple of times and get an advantage but sometimes either the cow got wise or it just had to have the man. It was time to shoot if you had a gun or time for speed if you had to run. Just don't get out there on foot in cow country and you won't have to face a thing like that.

GREEN LUMBER . . . When it comes to throwing up a mining town or a new town at the end of tracks, people just aren't too particular about the kind of materials that they use. Most of this lumber hasn't been cured. It is so green that when you hit it with a hammer the water will fly and you can almost smell the quirrels in it.

This building works fine for the first year. Then when summer comes the wood begins to shrink in the hot sun. Cracks appear in the walls and the tarpaper of the roof begins to split where the boards come apart and start to curl and twist. There weren't too many nails used anyway, because the idea was to get the builidng up as quickly as possible.

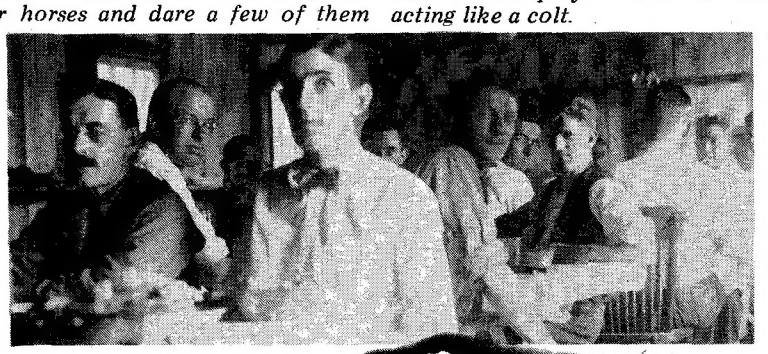
When winter comes and the cold wind comes in the cracks everyone tries to chink the cracks with mud to keep out the cold. This works for a while until the lumber shrinks more and the mud falls out.

The people figure that by this time they will be rich and can afford a better place or that the mine will be petered out and it will be time to move anyway. This is one of the reasons the old mining towns came apart at the seams and very few buildings lasted through time after the people left.

SINGING WITH HIS TAIL UP . . . When a cowboy was especially happy or excited he was said to be "Singing with his tail up!" You would have to spend some time around stock to really under this expression.

This is usually associated with a young colt that is feeling his oats. He will lift his tail high and whistle as he prances around the other horses. The colt will jump and take a few kicks at the other animals. He will run at the older horses and dare a few of them like he wants to fight. If one of them takes the dare the colt will run off through the pasture at top speed darting and twisting and snorting . . . always with his tail held high.

This is pretty much the way the cowboy went to town. He would do a little kicking and prancing. He might throw a few fake punches and make a few dares in fun. This close association with horses is likely where we got the term "Horseplay" when a man is acting like a colt.



GUN FIGHTER . . . There were two basic rules that a gunfighter lived by if he wanted to go on living himself. The first was that when you shoot a man, you keep on shooting until you are sure that he is completely dead. You empty your gun into him and then reload without walking away. Never turn your back and never think that your man is dead until the dirt is shoveled into his grave and grass has sprouted! Many a would-be gun fighter found that he got his own bullet when he thought the man was dead and turned to walk away. "Dead" men have a way of suddenly coming back to life and end up doing their own shooting.

The other rule is to never attend a funeral of a man you have killed in a gunfight. Even if it was a fair fight, one of the man's relatives or friends may become so overcome with grief that he pulls a gun and does his best to see if you can plant you in the same grave.

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LETTERS TO WESTERNER

ANOTHER MEHLHORN

Dear Sir,

This Mehlhorn sure gets around or maybe he is Fields or maybe your writer Ballenger uses the same photo. Whatever I am curious. In your Westerner Vol. 7, Number 1 Jan-Feb., 1975 in an article entitled Mehlhorn Overlooked Gold is a photo on page 20 of a person called Stephen Mehlhorn. While in another western magazine in its April issue is a story entitled Pikes Peak Gold Fantasy and on page 8 is a photo of this Mehlhorn only here he has changed his name to Fields and an entirely different life — something doesn't match someplace?

H.C. Evans
Dateland, Ariz.

We checked with the author, Dean Ballenger on this and he sent us this reply. "The person responsible for incorrectly identifying the duplicate photo is no longer employed by the historical society from whom the photo was purchased." You've probably heard of "typos" or errors in typing; well this apparently was a "phopo."

Editor.

BRING BACK BILLY

Dear Westerner,

In the Spring 1975 issue you had a article on Billy The Kid. I thought it was very interesting! I would like to see more on Billy The Kid and also on Wyatt Earp. This issue with article on Billy The Kid in it was the first time I read your magazine.

I must say that it is a fine magazine and I hope to read more of these magazines. Also how about a article or two on Roy Rogers. (He's my favorite) Also the article on the Indians and there gods titled Legend of the Ong, was interesting. I would like to see more articles on Indians.

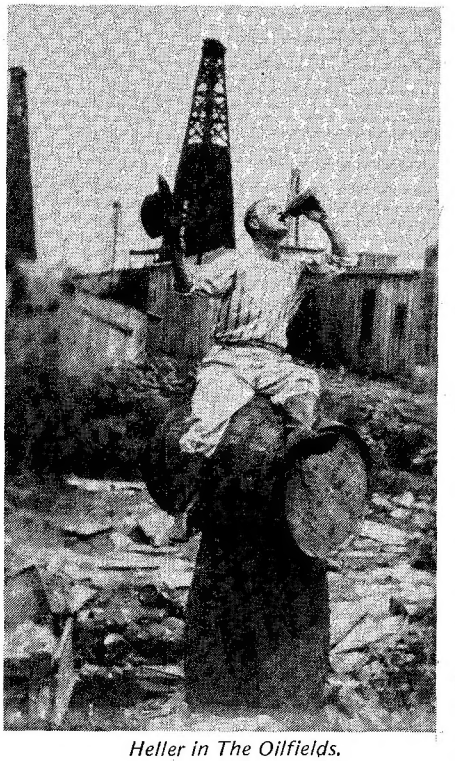
Sharon Rae Edwards
Pueblo, Colorado

HE LIKES DEWEY

Dear Editor,

Because I'm an avid reader of WESTERNER And also a native of the Old Southwest, I'd like to commend you on the many factual, interesting articles by my good friend Mr. Dewey Tidwell that have appeared in your splendid western magazine over the past four or five years.

His writings are mainly gleaned from his own true experiences as a druggist and as a citizen of the Southwest. And since most of his years have been spent there, he qualifies as an authority on the peoples and times of the region. He has seen and done some weird things and these he likes to share with others. And the pictures he gives us with his articles are remarkable.



Heller in The Oilfields.

In his most recent article in WESTERNER — Hell in the Oil Fields (Nov.-Dec., 1974) I came across some highly amusing incidents. Some of them are so comical as to be almost beyond belief. Quite out of the ordinary.

I know Mr. Tidwell to be an honest, upright gentleman and I'd like to see more of his stuff in your excellent publication. His writings are both informative and enjoyable.

Incidentally, I was born in Willcox, Arizona in 1901 and belong to a pioneer family. I've followed with keen interest the history and development of the West. I've lived all my life in the Southwest, with the exception of a few years in the South, and have come through from the days of the covered wagon right down to the jet age. I've known pioneers by the score who came West in covered wagons and have listened to and been thrilled by their tales of adventure. I've also known lawmen and outlaws and early-day characters too numerous to mention. I've seen the railroad locomotive change from the primitive wood burner to coal, then to oil, and finally to the streamlined Diesel. I saw the first transcontinental airplane at Lordsburg, N.M. in 1911. It was the first one anyone there had ever seen. It was owned and piloted by a man named Cal Rodgers. The coming of the plane to town that day broke up a three ring circus. Everybody deserted the big-top to greet the arrival of the aircraft. Rodgers was a large man who smoked big black cigars. He flew on out to the Pacific Coast and crashed in the ocean. He drowned in two feet of water shortly after arriving there.

Harry T. McClure
Colorado Springs, Colo.

SNAKES ALIVE

Dear Westerner,

I was just reading Spring 1975 Westerner Magazine articles of the West as was by Bob Brown. The second article Snakes Alive and I enjoyed it very much. In fact, all of it and I thought I would write you a few lines to tell you all of my and my late husband's experience when we first moved here to where later named Possum Fort. You see we bought this land sight unseen and no road to it and it was June before we knew there was any snakes it was so cold when we began to see them. I hate to see them all piled in a pile. We didn't see any Diamond back Rattlers. They were green heartback and sidewinders some heartback were there inches wide, 5 to 6 feet long and more when we were building Rockshop. We brought several of black out. Went back to get more and a greenheart back had coiled where we just got lumber from. I wasn't scared of Heartback for they must coil before they can strike and they warn you before they strike but sidewinders don't have to coil to strike also when they do warn you it surely sounds like cricket. I like to got me on my arm and one did strike my husband on his ankle. But what I want to tell you is this. I wish people would stop killing the king snakes, as they are harmless and they eat rodents. Also they will kill and eat and run off the sidewinders and rattlers, green heart and diamond rattler for I know that for sure as you see one fall Calvin found a king snake trying to find a place to hybernate and he took a board off back let it go under our RockShop and we only saw one sidewinder the next spring. Haven't any more. So wish they leave them alone not kill them for they are your & my friend. I enjoy all the magazine so do keep up good work.

Mrs. Calvin Black
Yermo, California

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Harry Webb's HORSE SENSE & NONSENSE

Dan Rand was a good neighbor to have around and when any emergency arose everyone in the Valley rushed to Dan for help or advice.

When "Deefy" Oliver had an abscessed tooth Dan pulled it with his blacksmith tongs and had no trouble except he pulled two before he got the right one. Yes, Dan was our General Fix-it Man, be it a sweenied horse or a cowhand with a broken arm, which brings me to a case that caused more excitement in Pine Valley than the time Allen Bruffey (the oldest of three brothers) went off a little piece from the house and blew his brains out. Even though his brothers heard the two shots it took two days for us ranchers to find him. That was a funny suicide: Allen's first shot had only blown a hole in his hat brim at the band. Now back to Dan Rand.

It was spitting snow that November day as I put my horse in the barn and went in the house to have a moment's gabfest with Dan and his wife Helen. Just Helen and the two little girls were there and on seeing the big stove covered with boiling pots and a huge pan of biscuits ready for the oven I asked the how come.

"The Mound Valley riders are here," Helen said, "and they're in the lower meadow working out the Mound Valley and Dixie Creek cattle so they can start over the mountain in the morning. Dan said they would be through by noon but it's past one now and I'm afraid something has happened." Knowing Dan to be like a cricket on a hot stove and always Johnny at the rat hole, I agreed that it was unusual for him to be so late.

On hearing horses I glanced through the window and saw four riders enter Dan's big hay barn. "Here they are," I said and a moment later Dan rushed in. With a "Hi, there!" he began yanking out kitchen drawers and scattering every thing as he jerked open drawer after drawer. "See anything of my box of long rivets any place, Helen," he asked, "and my breast drill?"

"No, I didn't, Dan. They must be in the blacksmith shop or the barn."

Helen had started to slide the biscuits in the oven when Dan said, "Hold up on them biskits awhile! I got a chore to do. Oh, here they are! Knew I had 'em here rivetin' a tug a week ago." With that he started for the door then hurried to a bedroom and was shouting "Where the hell's that big roll of adhesive tape, Helen? Never mind, I found it."

"Well for heaven's sakes," Helen said. "Calm down and wait until after dinner to fix whatever it is!"

"Can't," Dan snapped, as he headed for the door. "Billy Graham's horse fell on the ice and broke Billy's leg. I gotta try and fix him up. Won't take long."

For a moment Helen didn't seem to grasp the enormity of the accident. Then she started screaming, "Dan Rand, I don't want any more of your doctoring people! I won't have it. Get that poor man in the house where it's warm and have your father hurry with the car and get him to Carlin and a doctor!"

"Never mind the Old Man and his car," Dan replied. "Billy's comfortable enough in the barn an' I'll get him patched up." With that he ran out.

Crying, Helen ran to the wall phone and cranked two shorts and a long and presently was chattering the disaster. "Battery dead?" I heard her say. "Oh, my God! Just when we need it. One of the riders broke his leg and Dan's bound he's going to fix it! Yes, alright!" Turning to me she looked like she was ready to faint when she said "Call Mr. Yates, I'm too nervous. Oh that Dan Rand! Sometimes I could kill him!"

I looked at the long list pasted on the phone box and cranked and cranked. "Nobody home," I said. "I'll try Bob Raines." More cranking and no answer. "Christ Almighty!" I said. "Ain't anybody home? I'll try Goodfellow's. Let's see. Three longs one short! Crank—crank—crank—crank. Then a voice came on the line. "I was listening," it said. "This is Jack Cockerell. Who the hell broke his neck?"

"One of the Mound Valley cowhands. But it's only a leg, Jack. We're trying' t' get a car to get him to Carlin. This is Harry Webb and I'm at Dan's. His flivver has no bands in it an' his Dad's battery's dead so--" "Hello there," a voice cut in. "This is Rodger, You want a car?" — "Yes," Cockerell and I both answered. "Okay Doke," Rodger said. "If I can start my old bus I'll be on my way and--" "To hell with that old chain-drive Buick of your'n," Cockerell shouted. "You'll never make it over th' summit! I'm as good as on my way right now. So long." "Hold it Jack," I yelled. "You're fifty miles from — Hello — Hello — you still there Jack?"

"Guess he's gone," a voice broke in. "This is Hattie. I just happened to listen in. I'll be there in less than a hour so--" "Hey!" came a second voice. "This is Bill Hammond. Who the hell broke what? I just came in an' lifted the receiver thinkin' somebody might be talkin' an' I'd learn somethin'. A leg? The hell yuh say! Listen, I never drove a car in my life but if I can start this goddam Franklin I'll get 'er there somehow. Huh? Hell no! The boss went t' Eureka on the Slim Princess. (Narrow gauge train) But I'll be there frontwards or backwards — Hey! About twenty of you people hang up! Line's so damn weak I can't hear a--" "Hello. This is Marion Plummer. Did you say someone got hurt and you need a car? Who? Never heard of him. I'll have Edgar start at once!"

The line was still chattering when I said to Helen, "By God, it's a good thing you're on a punkin line! We sure got action in a hurry. One of the bunch ought to make it here if they don't wreck themselves."

"Slide all those pots back," Helen whimpered, "while I get some blankets

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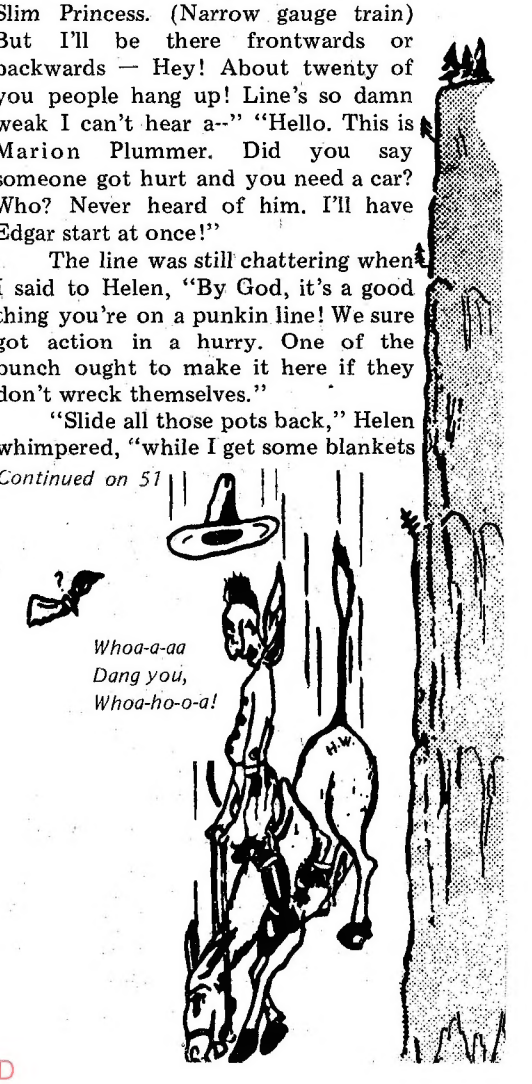

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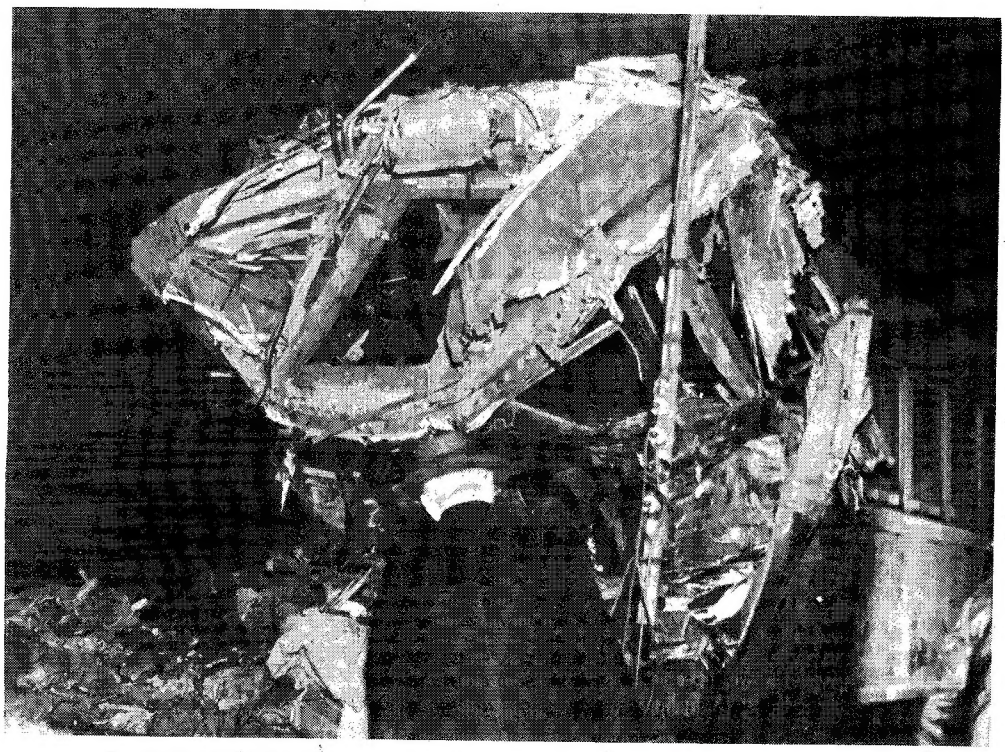
Photos Courtesy of Author

"Derail the Gold Car!"

THE "SUNBEAM" WRECKED, & GOLD BARS NEVER RECOVERED — JUST 41 YEARS AGO!!

by Don DeNevi

Perhaps no story is as tragic or an engrossing study of character as that of Gus and Aldo Anthony, two brothers who impulsively decided to derail and loot the "Sunbeam," the pride of the Central Pacific passenger fleet carrying millions of dollars of gold bullion. Before the final chapter was written, scores of innocent passengers lay dead, one of the greatest manhunts in California history launched, and the lives of the two brothers utterly shattered by avarice, distrust, and animosity. And, incidental to the riches and disaster brought to the two brothers, seven bars of gold bullion worth over $50,000 were hidden and are presumably still buried within a few square miles of the grisly train wreck.



The original plan called for a dynamite charge to wreck the train, but the blasting cap did not function. A back-up plan of loosening a rail did work. Upper photo shows the gold bullion car. At left are the remains of a passenger car.

The story begins at 3:30 a.m. on August 29, 1934, when the greatest transfer of gold in the history of the world took place. In a two month period, thousands of gold bars totalling in excess of $2,000,000,000 were to be shipped in supersecure Central Pacific railroad coaches from the San Francisco Mint to the Denver Mint in 25 immense installments.

During that wet and foggy morning, 175 policemen, railroad

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special agents, and post office authorities were assigned to motorcycle escorts, fixed post duty, and radio and shotgun patrol cars. An additional 50 plain-clothes men were assigned to specific duty in the protection of the incredible convoy. For four hours that morning 2,000 heavy bars of gold were loaded in eight especially constructed mail trucks from the platform at the rear of the United States mint at Fifth and Mission. From there, each truck containing $1,000,000 in gold bullion was driven at 15 miles per hour through the quiet streets to the Central Pacific Depot at Third and Ellis streets, where the special "flyer" was waiting to be loaded. A total of 32 police cars loaded with heavy rifles, modern machine guns, and tear gas grenades were used in escorting the bullet-proof trucks. The San Francisco Fire Department provided two light wagons which were used to light up the streets and depot while the gold was being moved. During the 26 block journey, each light wagon was placed behind the fourth and last mail trucks in the convoy, providing light for all four trucks ahead.

The streets along the route were cleared of all vehicles during the previous day. Fifty members of the Bureau of Inspectors in civilian dress were detailed along the route 14 hours in advance in order to observe and check occupants of automobiles who might be loitering in the vicinity.

Having arrived at the depot by 5:30 a.m., all the officers immediately converged to guard 75 specially picked and trained Central Pacific personnel as they quickly and quietly unloaded the trucks and placed the bullion onto the fortress-like mailcoaches. With officers bristling with submachine guns

Gus Anthony as he appeared shortly after his shoot-out capture. He tried, unsuccessfully to throw the blame onto his partner.

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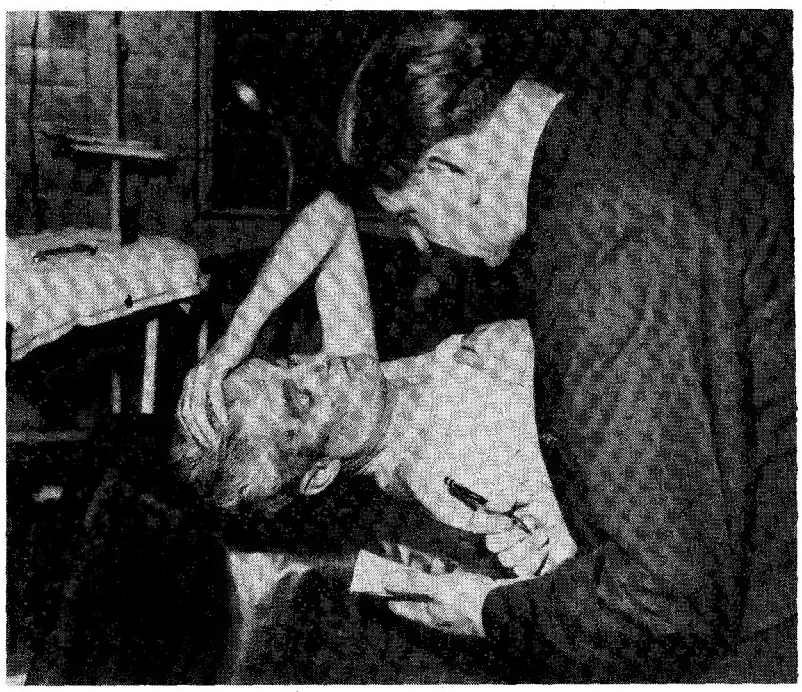

"DERAIL THE GOLD CAR!"

stationed in a circle every ten feet apart, the railroad personnel completed the task of loading by 7:30 a.m. Within twelve minutes of securing the sliding mailcoach doors, the streamliner was purring on its way to Denver.

Circling the San Francisco Bay, the Central Pacific's crack flyer stopped in Oakland to hitch on four night sleepers containing 57 passengers on their way to Denver and points east. By 9:15 a.m., the "Sunbeam" began to pick up speed and hit the various mile posts to the second at a clip of 55 miles per hour. Past Vallejo, it turned east in the direction of Sacramento. By 11:30 a.m., it headed toward the Sierrra Nevada foothills. Gradually picking up momentum for the long, high climb over the Donner Pass, the scenery was visually stunning. It was now clear and warm as the train skirted the shadowy mountains an immense cliffs that line the twisting Truckee Valley, near Reno. The engineer's foot was on the deadman throttle, with 5,400 horses tuned to the touch of his finger. By 3:00 p.m. that hot afternoon, ranchers and farmers heard the familiar deepthroated rumble of the great diesels and the rhythmic click of the wheels. The streamliner approached a small bridge over the Verdi River and began to smoothly hiss over it.

Suddenly, there was a grinding, sickening thudding as the road of the speeding train could be heard out of control. Then, there was the terrific, screeching sound of crashing steel against steel, the impact of cars striking rocks, tracks being torn off, metal car walls made of the strongest steel being crushed, folded, and ripped open. A rancher looking down on the scene saw a dining car filled with off-duty waiters and cooks being tossed like a toy replica into the air landing into the river. The club car nosed down on top of it and the bridge upon which the engine had just crossed collapsed like cardboard, its beams jutting in every possible angle.

Then there was deadly silence except for the sound of spinning wheels. A few seconds later, the screaming began. Strangely, there was also laughter, a kind of hysterical laughter. Out of the crinkled torn coaches, out of gaps in walls, out of windows and doors clambered the survivors, garments torn, blood running from cuts, other falling and lying helplessly near the wreckage. Suddenly a fire began somewhere and started to envelope a coach and there were more screams. Other passengers sat down by the track groaning in agony.

From across a small ravine, two men in blue train coveralls carrying a metal container quickly raced over to the mailcoaches and began to sift through the wreakage for gold bullion. Open vaults and iron treasure boxes were sprewn all over the interior. Within minutes, and before railroad personnel were aware of what was happening, the two men had located and stacked up seven gold bars by the railroad trick as dazed and injured passengers and railroad personnel dragged themselves past the two working men. But sensing that suspicion had fallen upon them, they immediately placed the seven bars into their metal container and quickly retreated in the direction from which they came.

The scene was ghastly. One piece of bridge beam was thrust through one car, the steel extending out the other side. Innocent passengers were mutilated beyond recognition. Having observed the entire tragedy, John Clegg, a nearby rancher, immediately called the Reno police and within 45 minutes rescue parties were on the site. Miraculously, only four passengers and three club car waiters were killed. Although severely injured, over 75 lived through what was immediately apparent as a systematic derailment for the purpose of looting federal gold bullion.

Reno police issued a state-wide call for available help and an FBI all-points bulletin asking that cars and trucks be stopped and passengers questioned was radioed to the nine western states.

The teletype read:

The train was maliciously derailed and wrecked by removing an angle bar from a railjoint on the outside rail in order to loot the gold bullion in the front mailcoach. There are two suspects, and possibly several more accomplices. This derailment occurred near a curve approaching the bridge so that maximum destruction to the train and passengers could take place.

Every available officer in Nevada, California, Arizona, and Oregon was pressed into service. Itinerants, vagrants, tourists, ranchers, and cowboys were intensively grilled. By

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7:00 p.m. that night feelings were running high all over the western part of the United States. The demented bandits had to be caught at all costs.

A speedy search along the tracks turned up a DuPont blasting machine with a length of insulated wire running from it to a spot where the streamline was to originally have been blown up. But miraculously it had not been wired properly and would not detonate. Evidently, the removal of the angle bar from the railjoint on the outside rail had been a back up means for derailing the train in case an explosion did not take place. Central Pacific agents felt many more lives would have been lost had the 500 pounds of TNT gone off as planned.

In the nearby forest, searchers found numerous clues, but none as important as a pair of greasy blue overalls. Though they didn't look like much, they turned out to be the clue which broke the case.

The Chief Special Agent for the Central Pacific decided to send them to a famous criminologist at the University of California in Berkeley. Police departments had been sending the famed chemist-criminologist such clues for years and the genius rarely disappointed them. Philip Bingham had one of the few Ph.D.'s in the new science of criminal investigation.

In the meantime, the manhunt increased. Dozens of suspects were rounded up questioned, but were eventually released. There were no detailed descriptions of the two. The public and the newspapers were demanding action. Hundreds of men, heavily armed and working in posses, scoured the entire region.

Continued on page 12

For months after the derailment, search parties (below) hunted for the stolen gold. Many false alarms (right) were checked out, but nothing was found. Aldo Anthony lies on a cot in a hospital and answers a detective's questions. He was shot several times in the legs and arms as he tried to escape. At far left, Mabel Crawford, reported to be Anthony's girl friend and accomplice in the escape.

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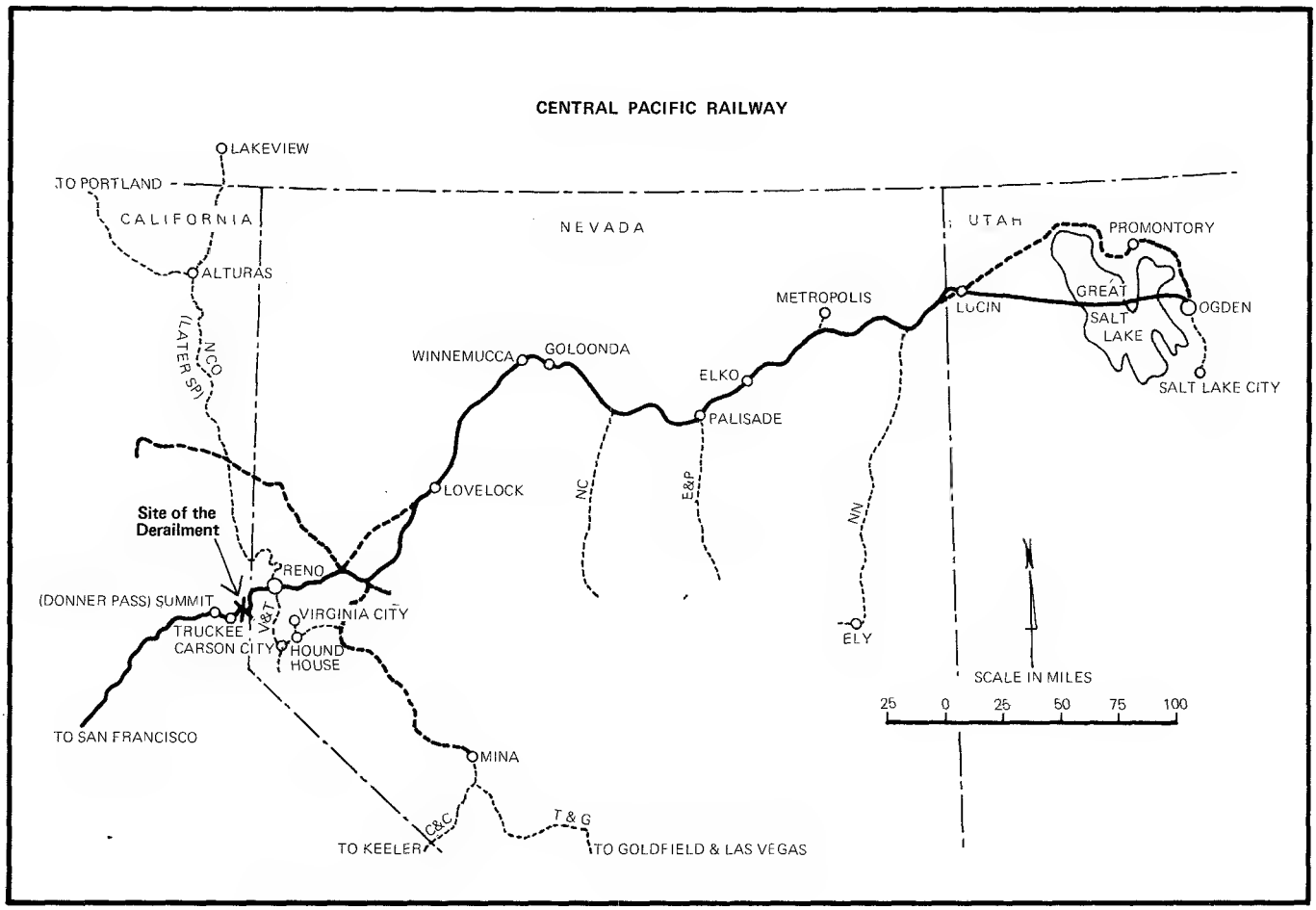

"DERAIL THE GOLD CAR!"

Bloodhounds were brought in and the government sent airplanes to fly over rocky crags and thick growths of scrub pine. Oregon, California, and Nevada militia were hastily put into action. But days went by and turned up nothing. The DuPont blasting machine offered no help whatsoever.

Finally, the famed University of California criminologist called the Chief Special Agent at Central Pacific Railroad headquarters in San Francisco. Pessimism quickly turned to astonishment when the scientist told him, "One of the men you are looking for is a left-handed lumberjack who has worked in the Siskiyou mountain range recently. He is about 30 years old, has brown hair, weighs about 165 pounds, and has a fair complexion. I believe he is about five feet eight inches tall and he's rather fastidious in his personal habits." The Chief Special Agent couldn't believe his ears. This was much more than he expected, even from the famed crime scientist! Bingham then explained his findings: "There are streaks of fresh pitch on the overalls. They could have gotten there only by contact with pine trees. This, of course, suggests that our man is a lumberjack. I found Douglas fir needles in the pockets. This places him in Northern California, and a few strands of hair on the overalls tells us his hair color and also determines his approximate age." When the Chief Special Agent asked him to explain how he knew the man was lefthanded, Bingham said: "There are worn places on the right side of the overalls but none on the left; so our man must have been standing with his right side against a tree while swinging an axe. This tells us he is left-handed."

"Well, it certainly looks as if you pinned him down to about everything but his name!" laughed the Central Pacific agent.

"I believe his name is Gus Anthony," Bingham calmly chuckled.

"I discovered a little piece of faded yellow paper jammed down in the narrow pencil pocket of the overalls. There appeared to be no writing on it, but under a microscope I detected some faint pen scratches. I brought them under treatment in the lab. It turned out to be a reeipt for a registered letter mailed by Gus Anthony at Stockton, California, on June 12, 1934. It bore the number 236-L, and showed that $50.00 had been sent on that date to Aldo Anthony to Lodi, California."

The case was now broken. The Chief Special Agent immediately started the wheels rolling by sending a squad of detectives to Stockton, where they quickly located an elderly barber, Paul Anthony, who told them he had two sons, Gus and Also who had been working as lumberjacks near Silverton, Oregon. But now the two were working in Oakland, California, in a scrap metal yard as laborers.

Back at the University of California, Dr. Bingham had been steadily working on the DuPont blasting machine serial numbers which had been erased by painstaking filing. But with certain acids, he had been able to barely make out the five digit number under the top strap of the connecting band under the machine. Bingham then traced the blasting machine to a small hardware store on Telegraph Avenue in Oakland.

Fourteen Central Pacific Railroad detectives payed a call on that Eastbay hardware store and learned from the owner who purchased the machine and where he lived. The owner had been selling him goods for months and liked the man and his brother because they appeared honest, God-fearing citizens.

Now, with the address of Gus and Also Anthony in his hand, the Chief Special Agent planned to strike

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immediately. He called for the formation of a posse that very afternoon — a posse of railroad police, post office inspectors, sharpshooters, from the Oakland and Berkeley police departments, U.S. Secret Service men, and deputies from Alameda and Conta Costa County Sheriff's offices. Also, assistant district attorneys from San Francisco and Alameda counties were to be represented during the capture. Plans were made to seal off and surround the block where the Anthony's were living in West Oakland in a poverty area. Supposedly, they were living with one woman said to be Gus's mistress in a cottage behind another home. Not knowing whether they would fight it out, every imaginable weapon was issued to attacking officers.

After thoroughly rehearsing every part individual squads of police would play, the heavily armed team of 40 men proceeded to the designated area. Moving quietly and quickly, the men divided themselves, taking up appointed positions, with some sealing off the various streets and others guarding back alleys. With the police sharpshooters staked out in automobiles and rooftops, two special agents of Central Pacific dressed themselves as electrical utility linesmen and approached the cottage door carrying coils of electrical wire. To authenticate their presence, they parked a PG&E van in the driveway. Under the spools of wire, they carried .45 automatic pistols. The two rang the doorbell. A middle-aged woman opened the door and observed the two men. She then swung the door wide, inquiring what they wanted. With this opportunity, the two agents rushed in, pistols drawn. Gus Anthony was dozing on a sofa and offered no resistance when the .45 Colt was leveled against his head. With the sreams of the woman, as upstairs door was heard to slam shut. One agent quickly raced up the short flight of stairs and ordered whoever was in the room adjacent to the bathroom to come out. He heard a window open and the sounds of someone sliding down a drain pipe. As the agent reached the window, he saw a man wildly scrambling over a back fence. The officer raised his gun and fired a volley of shots in rapid succession. The man staggered a few feet and crumpled to the ground, severely wounded.

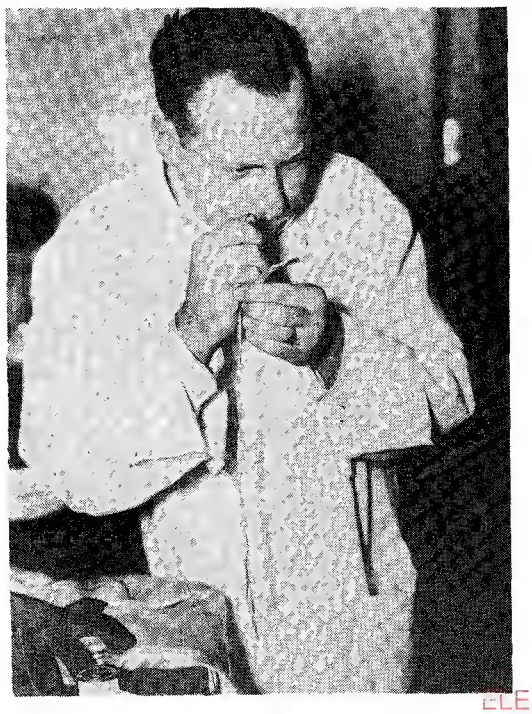
Officers now swarmed into the cottage. Gus Anthony and the woman were arrested and removed to San Francsico Police Headquarters. A quick serach of the house was made and the officers found heavy weapons, automatic pistols, machine guns, TNT, two DuPont detonating machines, blasting caps, and maps of various Central Pacific routes. The most vital piece of evidence discovered was a notebook which contained memoranda in code relative to the payroll shipment dates of various Eastbay manufacturing firms.

The trial which followed was one of the most sensational in San Francisco. Before it was over the two brothers had turned state's evidence against each other in order to avoid the gas chamber. However, after a relatively short trial of three weeks, a jury brought in a verdict of "guilty by death" for the two and they were executed seven months later. Each man pleaded innocent throughout the trail and right up to the moment of his execution, blaming the other for idea, organization, and actual derailment. Central Pacific personnel felt that both men were gambling the jury would convict the other and thereby allowing him to go free and eventually recover the seven gold bars. Gus Anthony's mistress was convicted of harboring known criminals and received a five year sentence at the Los Guillcos Prison for Women in Napa, California. After her eventual parole, she disappeared from sight and no one has seen her since.

To this day, it is believed that the gold bars are still buried within a few square miles of the derailment. Since such a grisly crime would have brought out every police officer in the western states, it would have been too risky to transport them back to Oakland. The brothers had to leave them behind. Whether Gus Anthony's mistress had a map hidden somewhere and retrieved the bullion will never be known. A careful search of the cottage and their belongings revealed nothing. A map would have been too incriminating. Chances are the brothers figured out a logical and simple method of remembering where the gold was buried.

If anyone should stumble upon that logical burial site, he should remember that the gold bullion belongs to the American people and must be returned. There will be, however, a small reward for having discovered the treasure.

It was Dr. Philip Bingham who discovered clues in a shirt abandoned by the train wreckers that eventually led to their capture. The gold is thought to still be buried somewhere on the banks of the Verdi-Truckee rivers.



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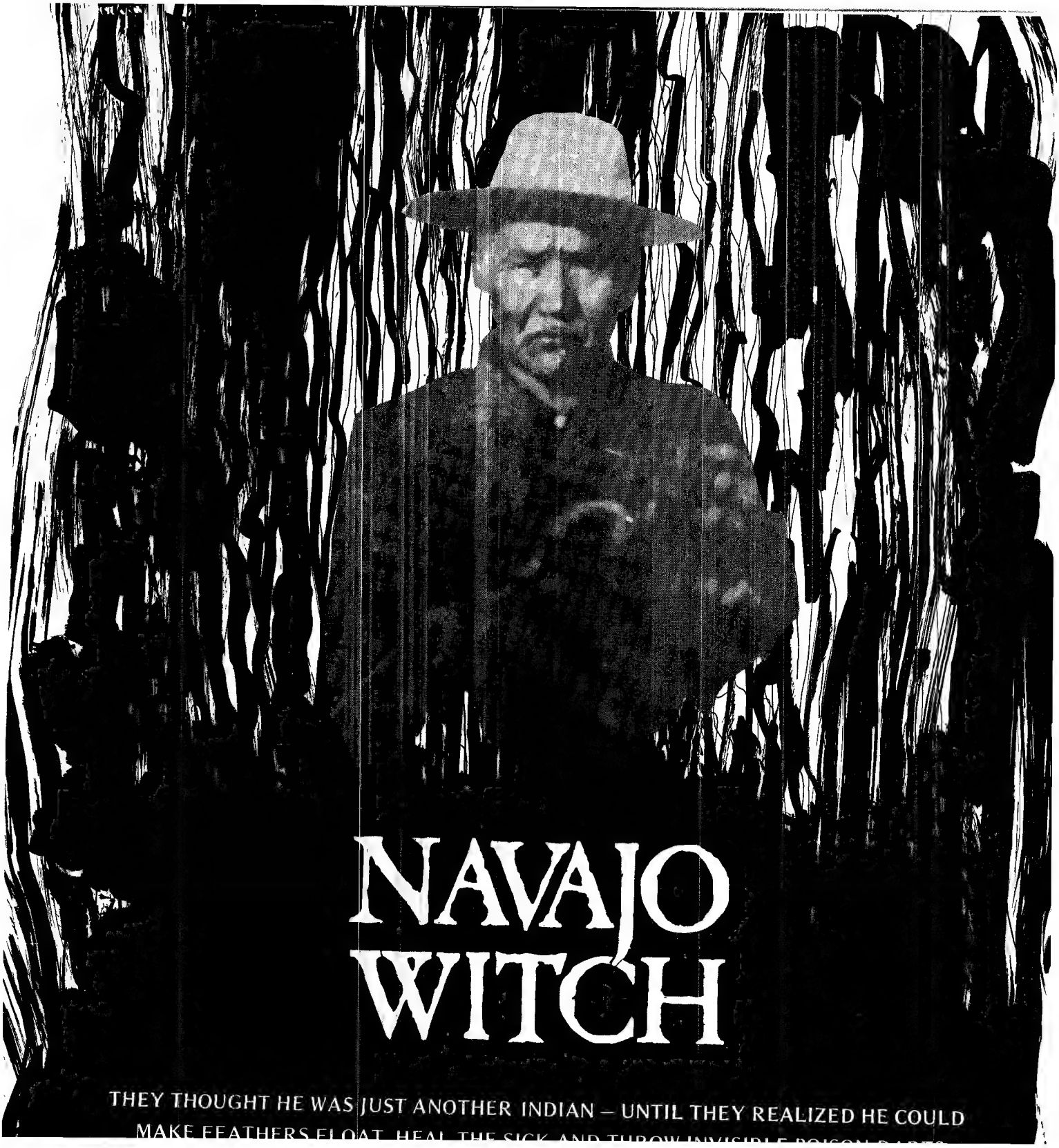

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movement, his hand gripping his rifle. Scanning the horizon, he saw a group of mounted Navajos gallop up over the edge of a low rise. Riding boldly into camp, the Navajos got down from their horses and one of them, obviously the leader, approached Redd. He seemed friendly enough and spoke good English, which surprised Redd.

The Navajo noticed Jody almost immediately and with much interest examined the discolored leg and the wound that was crawling with maggots. "What are you doing for him?"

Redd shrugged. "We've done all we can, there's nothing more to be done for him."

The Navajo shook his head and under his breath muttered a few words in his own language. Pointing out a prickly pear cactus, he carefully explained how to prepare a poultice from it and how it should be applied to both sides of the fevered leg. Red nodded; it might not help, but it certainly couldn't hurt, after all Jody was getting weaker with each passing hour.

Looking around camp, the Navajo noticed the empty bucket. "Where are you getting your water?"

"From Lake Gulch."

At that, the Navajo smiled slightly, as one would at a foolish child, then he handed the bucket to one of his men and issued a terse command. Disappearing for a few minutes, the other Indian soon returned with a bucket that was brimful of fresh water. After giving the bucket of water to Redd, the Navajos left.

It was nothing short of amazing, how quickly Jody began to improve, after the prickly pear poultice had been applied to his leg. By the time the wagon arrived from Bluff, Jody was able to travel. He eventually recovered, although crippled, and lived for forty more years.

This Navajo who helped Redd and Lyman, was Supernatural Power (Bai-a-lil-le) a medicine man whose services were in great demand because of his many successful healing ceremonies. William T. Shelton, the Indian agent at Shiprock, New Mexico described him as being one of the worst Navajos on the entire reservation and an evil influence on his people, but actually Supernatural Power was mostly trying to preserve the Navajos traditional way of doing things. Probably Shelton didn't hate Supernatural Power as much as he feared him, because he was highly intelligent and had many friends among his own people. The Navajo police, as well, despised him because he refused to acknowledge their authority, and there were other Navajos who feared him because they believed he was a witch. Of course, it didn't help matters any that he had, at times, admitted to being a witch and boasted of the powers he possessed.

Supernatural Power was among the Navajos who were rounded up and marched off to Fort Sumner. It was a time of great hardship for the Indians and the cruel treatment they received from the soldiers left them with an abiding hatred for the whites. An interesting point is that Supernatural Power saved Jody Lyman's life, after his stay at Fort Sumner. He must have been an exceptional man indeed, to aid those two white men, after seeing his people abused by the soldiers during their stay at Fort Sumner.

Supernatural Power settled near the San Juan River, not too far from Aneth, Utah, where his fame spread as a medicine man who was expert in the Night Chant. He was also skilled in the nine day Mountainway Ceremony in which the white feather rose magically from the basket, under its own power, and the stalk of yucca grew right before everyone's eyes and the firedancers handled fire and burning pitch with no ill effects.

Having knowledge of a nine day ceremoney is no small thing, for by memory, the medicine man must be able to chant all the ceremonial prayers and draw the many intricate dry paintings (also called sand paintings). If as much as one word is wrong, even on the last of the nine days, the entire ceremony is of no value and must be repeated.

Supernatural Power must have also known the Shooting Way ceremony for he threatened to call down lightning on his enemies and that's a particular power granted to those who perform the Shooting Way. However, he also boasted that he could blind his enemies, control the rain and the he possessed the power to do that which only witches are capable of, namely to kill an enemy with an invisible dart.

In 1884, a Navajo got into a skirmish with some whites, inside the Mitchell's trading post along the San Juan River. Supernatural Power was outside, shaking the dust from a buffalo robe, when the Indian inside the trading post cried out, "The Americans are going to kill me." The medicine man drew his revolver and rushed the store. The whites inside the store, shot the Navajo who had called for Supernatural Power to help him. At that moment, several men rode up, saw Supernatural Power firing upon the trading post and they shot at him, striking him in the forehead, The medicine man dropped in his tracks,

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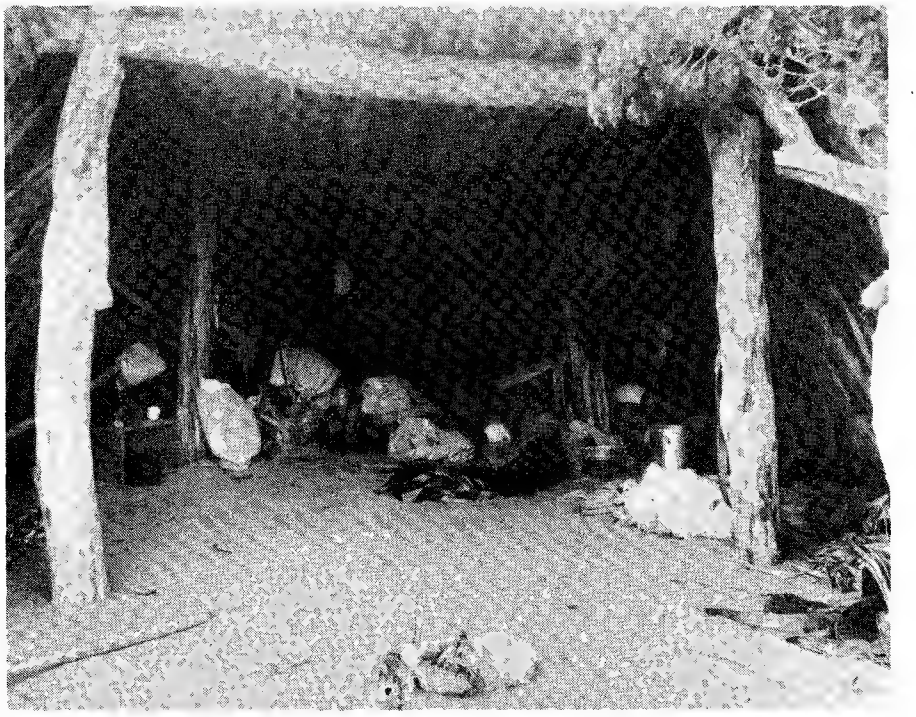
Photos Courtesy of Author



His name was "Bai-a-lil-le" which the westerners translated to "Supernatural powers." He was feared by both Navajo and settlers alike, yet respected for his ability to cure. Right, is his hogan.

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LOCATION of the LOST CABIN MINE

EVERYONE KNOWS WHERE IT IS — WHAT'S THERE IS THE PROBLEM

by Edgar Web

From the time the Indians ruled the "West" the mere mention of Gold has sent seekers galore on the hardship trail, some finding a Bonanza, others nothing but privation and too often death.

Legends of "Lost Mines" from Mexico to Canada are still an intriguing subject not only to the grizzled prospector with his faithful burro, weighed down with a hay stack size pack, but to the "tenderfoot" as well. Many of these "*legends*" have a factual basis while others are just hearsay which does not lessen the mystery or the eternal search. But the peculiar part is, there is seldom anything more tangible than a crude map left by some individual whose last breath left him before he could gasp explicit instructions.

This writer was never interested enough in Lost Mines or some bandit's buried loot to search for them, but he is familiar with the ground where such riches were and are supposed to be. First, lets examine the "Lost Cabin Mine" somewhere in the Range just north of "Lost Cabin," Wyoming, for aside from the "Lost Dutchman" legend in Arizona few, if any, attained the fame of the "Lost Cabin Mine" somewhere in Copper Mountain. Wyoming boasts another "Lost Mine" termed the "Dead Mens Mine" in the rugged fastness of The Big Horn Mts. a bit to the northeast of the town of Lost Cabin. But even with its gruesome history it never enjoyed the notoriety of the "Lost Cabin Mine."

All these so-called "Lost" mines were not truly lost, but left for posterity to wonder over. Likewise, with several hundred thousand dollars buried by some well known bandits just before this Century got into swaddling clothes. More on this Cache later on.

In the early '70's a prospector,

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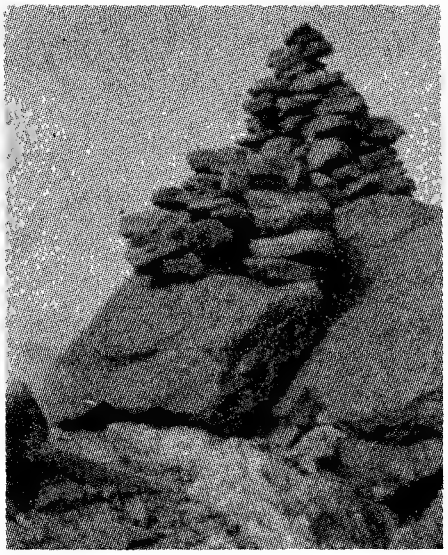
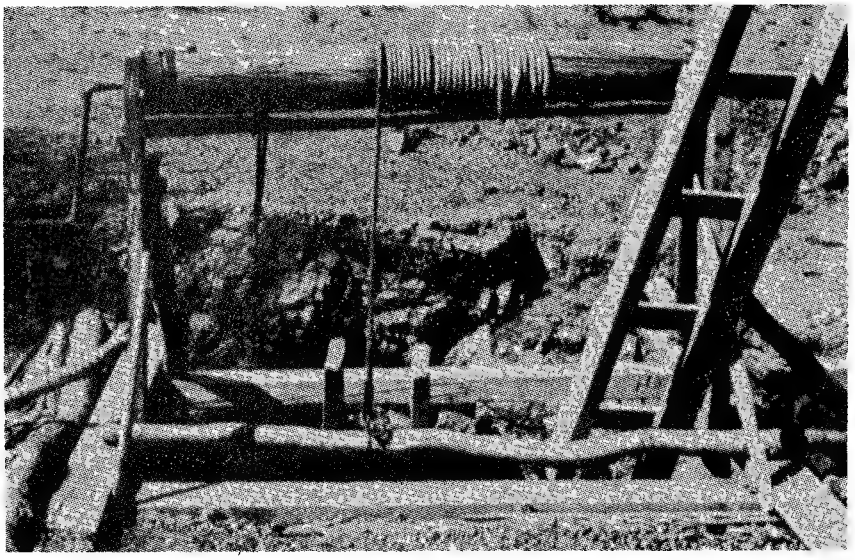




Photos Courtesy of Author

Left is a cairn of rocks to mark the location of a "claim" at Bird's Eye Pass. Right is a prospect hole that looked promising; no gold found here.

who has been given various names by various people, staggered into Manual Armenta's cow camp in Wyoming (later to become the Town of "Moneta") and collapsed under some malady. In a knap-sack were several large chunks of quartz, shot through with "Wire Gold." In fact, so legend has it, there was more gold than quartz. But little good it would ever do its finder. He was beyond help. He was dead.

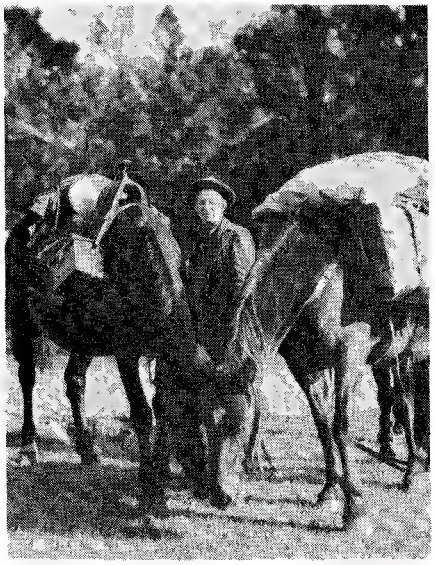
Fortunately — or otherwise — in his ragged clothes Armenta found a crude map (presumably for the purpose of again finding his rich strike) showing a small X marked "Cabin." From this spot led many turns, showing gulches, cliffs and finally a boulder with a charcoal mark that meant nothing to anyone but the victim.

Armenta tried for weeks to find the ledge or prospect hole, or whatever represented the rich find, but without success. Then, through one of his Mexican riders the news leaked out and as the years grew and settlers increased so increased the search for what became known as "The Lost Cabin Mine," even giving birth to the town of Lost Cabin.

In 1907 my brother Charley and his wife were camped for several weeks on Copper Mountain, up back of Lost Cabin, while holding several hundred head of cattle there for the Wimsey and Johnson Ranch. According to my brother they also had ample time for scouring the Range (from Lysite Mountain on their east to "Birds Eye Pass" and on west of the Pass to where the Range had been cleft by the Big Wind River) in hopes of discovering the elusive gold deposit. But the range was so massive it was like hunting for a needle in the proverbial hay stack.

Every stage driver between Shoshoni and Thermopolis took time out, while winding up Copper Mt. and through Birds Eye Pass, to keep an eye peeled for signs of gold which they were sure lay somewhere along their route. Then in 1908 or '09 the town of Shoshoni was sent hog wild when a sheepherder came in with the richest wire-gold ore Shoshoni's oldest inhabitant had ever laid eyes on. But this time the discoverer flaunted tradition and didn't keel over dead. He was a very much live Scotsman whom town folks knew was camped on Copper Mountain near Birds Eye Pass. So the stampede was on and in no time location notices and boundary stakes were so thick they overlapped each other. But the herder had been far from a numbskull and his claim was not only well staked but soon on record in the Court House.

When such strikes are made it doesn't take long for the big mining interests to be looking over the property and such was the case here. Even though we cowhands lacked access to any newspaper, news of gold strikes travels fast and we heard the Ferris-Haggerty Co. had smapled the rich ledge and paid the Sheepherder $10,000.00 for it without a moment's haggling. A year later we also heard the Mining Company had little more than got its money back from the claim. That ledge was IT and the Boom faded as suddenly as it had blossomed. But during the mad staking of claims the remains of what had once been a dugout cabin had been found a mile from the sheepherder's discovery and to this day old timers believe it to be the legendary "Lost Cabin Mine." However, when we visited Wyoming twenty years ago we heard that old and novice prospectors were giving that Range a going over with their gold detectors.



The site of the lost cabin mine (left) on Copper Mountain near Bird's Eye Pass. Right is the sheepherder turned prospector (name unknown) who discovered the ledge of gold and sold for $10,000.

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Search for Victorio's GOLD CAVE

FROM AN IMPOVERISHED INDIAN CHIEF TO AN ARMY MISSILE RANGE — THE AMAZING STORY OF FOUND GOLD THAT CAN'T BE TOUCHED

by Eve Ball

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWIN LURSSEN

And they found it, but at a fearful price.

That people are blood thirsty and gold hungry is proverbial. Even an account of the search for gold, when unsuccessful, seems to have an irresitable appeal to readers. But when after two centuries, approximately, of search, someone succeeds in locating the treasure, the discovery is news. This has been true of a hidden cache of gold bars found in what the press erroneously calls Victorio Peak in the San Andres Mountains of southern New Mexico. This peak is instead Soledad (a lonely place) upon the slope of which is Hembrillo Basin.

Among the best known of searchers for both a mine and a cache of gold bars "stacked like stove wood in a cave" is M.E. (Doc) Noss who spent many years in hunt for the hidden gold. His widow(divorced before his death) is still living and is at Clovis, New Mexico.

Incidentally, the real Victorio Peak is in the Black Range west of the Rio Grande. Because it was part of Chief Victorio's territory and very wild and inaccessible, he left in it when he made his fatal trip into Mexico and he and about four hundred of his band were ambushed and killed (with the exception of prisoners taken to be sold into slavery, and seventeen other survivors) his wife and infant son, Charles Istee! He left also, other mothers with small children and some of the aged and infirm of his band. Consequently, they escaped death.

For many years the story, thought by many to be only a legend, was told about the camp fires, and the gold sought by prospectors and others.

When Padre La Rue, a Frenchman, sent by his order (probably the Franciscan) to Mexico he was assigned to the little village of Chihuahua. He found the probrecitos (very poor people) there in such destitute condition that he felt an obligation to minister to their physical as well as their spiritual needs. It is assumed that while going through the archives of his church that he had found an account of existence of this rich mine; and he received more information from an aged member of his parish who had in his youth served as scout or guide for Mexican cavalry in the area in which the deposit of ore was said to be.

The location was said to be in the San Andres Range, about eighty miles east of Truth of Consequences (at that time called Hot Springs). At that time El Camino Real (The King's Highway) crossed the northern part of the state of Chihuahua and the Rio Bravo (Rio Grande) at El Paso del Norte, on the south side of the great river, and followed the stream to Las Cruces; but from there the difficulty of reaching water because of high bluffs and gorges, had caused the route to follow El Jarnado del Muerte (The Road of the Deadman) for over ninety miles to another point on the Rio Grande. And at that time this was a waterless trip. It was also a place favored by the fierce Apaches for ambushing the slow-moving wagon trains that freighted merchandise from Santa Fe to Chihuahua.

Though deterred by their having lived at Chihuahua for centuries, and the fact that those who left seldom returned, Father La Rue's parishioners, though a law-abiding folk, had so much confidence in the priest that they hastily prepared for the migration. Very few possessed horses; a good many had made carretas (two-wheeled carts) and had trained oxen to pull them. These carts were equipped with wheels formed by sawing a cross section of a cotton wood tree, and burning a hole in the center of each through which a pole was thrust to serve as an axle. Many had burros, which they used as beasts of burden.

When their meager possessions were loaded onto carts and animals, the colony set out, with many of its members walking. There were in reality no roads, but just trails. In places the sand was deep and carts sank into them so that several yoke of oxen were required to cross to firmer land. Yet they made the trip of approximately 230 miles in twelve days. This meant moving late at night and starting in early morning. This was necessary because if their absence were reported Father La Rue knew that both church and Federal pursuers would be on their trail. Though he deplored the necessity of breaking the law by taking these people from their native dwelling place, he felt justified by their wretched poverty.

Once across the Rio Grande they followed the trail to Las Cruces, and to approximately the location of Hatch. There they turned east to the site of Rincon, on the Jornada. And from there they struck out across a sandy plain toward the San Andres.

Though not much definite information is available, they apparently had little difficulty in finding Soledad Peak, and the Hembrillo Basin which they sought. The latter was rather deep and wide, and contained a much better supply of pasture than they had left. It also, they found, in more years, would produce fairly good crops of corn, and squash, beans, chili and watermelons. For there was an excellent spring about which they camped until they could build crude chosas. They knew the danger of attack by Apaches, and kept guards on watch during the day. Others built the crude houses while some used primitive plows for sowing crops. And, though there is no record of it, still others sought the coveted source of the gold. How long a time was required to find it — if they did, and the hidden cache of gold which they sought, nobody knows. But find both they must have, for they began smeltering by the most primitive of methods.

It should be remembered that

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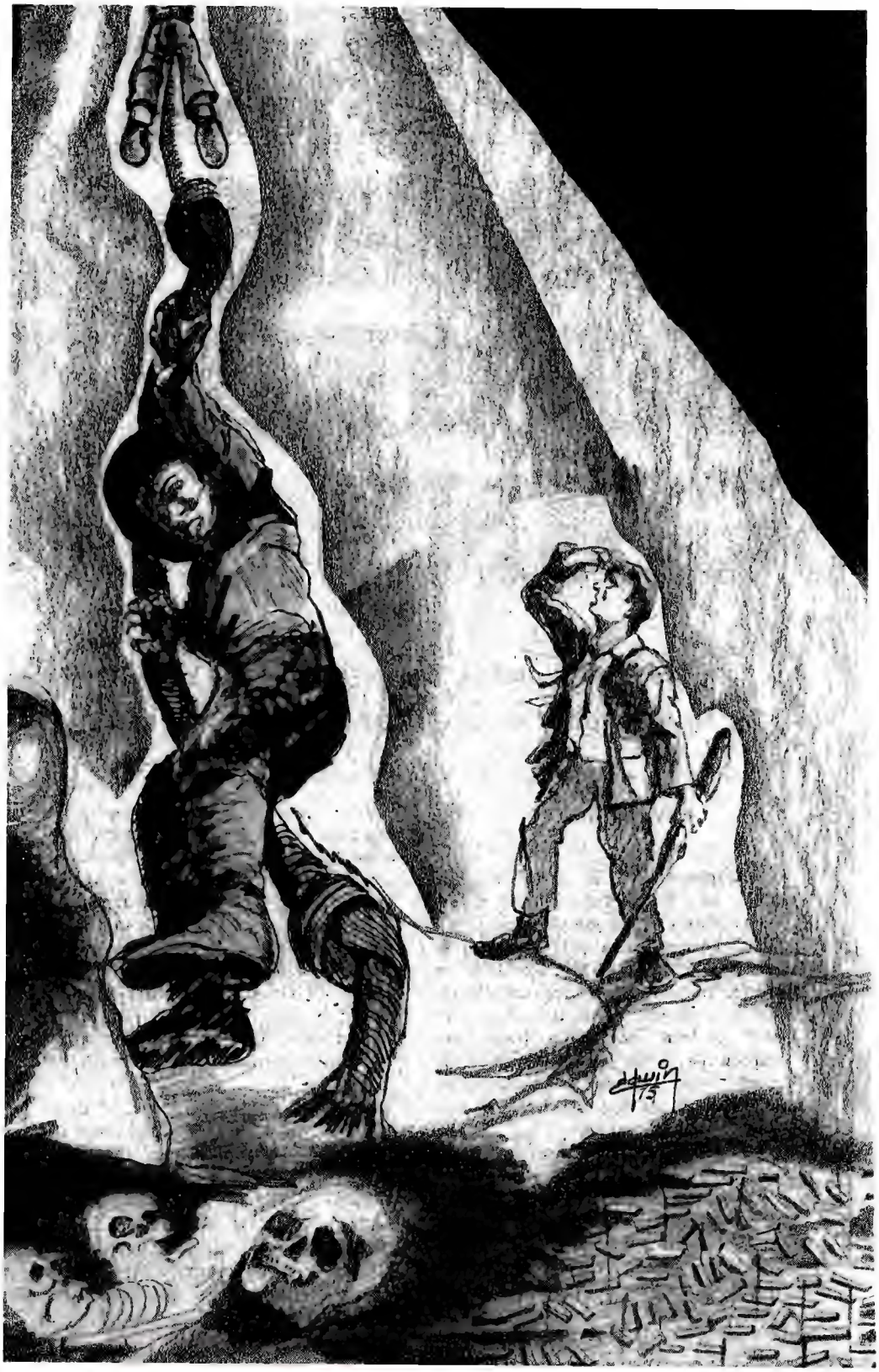

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WHEN BUTCH CASSIDY RETURNED FOR HIS BURIED COINS

AFTER SOUTH AMERICA HE NEEDED MONEY TO LIVE ON – FINDING HIS OLD LOOT WAS THE HARD PART

by T.J. Wilsey

Somewhere in the western talus of the Big Horns there lies (without the shadeow of doubt) a "lost" bonanza of a different kind. In the fall of 1924 Billy Goodrich, a former rancher on Norwood Creek, had gone back to his old haunts to visit friends and while there was helping his friend look for some of the ranch horses, believed to be over along the base of the Big Horn Mts. a few miles east of the ranch.

Sitting on his horse Billy was scanning the country through binoculars when he observed a horseman. For some time he watched the rider who appeared to be hunting something on the ground at the base of a steep knob that jutted out at the base of the range. After watching the horseman slowly ride back and forth several times, often dismounting to examine the ground, Goodrich rode over to ask the fellow if he had seen the rancher's horses. As he topped a slight rise he came face to face with the rider, and, as Goodrich said later, got the jolt of his life.

My wife and I were visiting Ann and Billy Goodrich at their home in Cody in 1953 and since Billy was unfolding the bizarre episode I think it best to let him take up the narrative for a spell:

"Well sir," Billy said, "for a minute I was so flabbergasted I just sat there with my mouth open. I'm tellin' yuh it scairt the bejesus outa me an' he knowed it. "What's the matter Billy?" he says, laughing. "Yuh look like a ghost was trompin on your heels!"

"After finding' my tongue I says t' tell the truth I'm still wonderin' if it's my old friend Butch Cassidy or if I'm going' bugs."

"Billy," he says, laughing like it was funny, "you're now observin' Mister William Phelps. Your ol' compadre Butch is long dead. But don't worry. Just tell how the world has been usin' yuh since them good ol' days?"

"So, so," I says, still nervous as we shake, an' I tells him how come I'd got married, sold my ranch an' retired in Cody. Now, I says, tell me what you know for sure an' a lot you don't know."

"Well," he says through a cigarette, "first off, I know a sack o' flour'd make one hell of a big doughgod! But gettin' down t' brass tacks, Billy, I'm still breathin' an' eatin', so I reckon yuh might call that doin' pretty good."

"Now, Butch," I says, "there's one thing I'd like to ask you but I'd die before I'd ask it. So maybe you'll tell me without me havin' t' come right out an' ask. But what I'd like to know is, what in hell are you lookin' for here in these rocks? I've been watchin' yuh through these glasses so don't lie to an old hand at lyin'."

"Wouldn't think o' such a low

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Probably the most famous photo of Butch Cassidy (left) was taken in New York on his way to South America. At right is Billy Goodrich and his wife, Ann. Goodrich met and talked with Butch Cassidy in the fall of 1924 (years after the outlaw was thought dead) while he was searching for a cache of gold coins. Photo courtesy George Judin.

down trick! he says, an' gives a big laugh. "Member that Ingersol watch I had when I last broke bread with you? The one I allus had t' bang a few times on my saddle horn to start it runnin'? I told him sure I remembered. "Well, sir," he says, "I done lost it. Lost it some 'res right around here a few days after us fellows was to your place."

"That started the gears turnin' in my head an' I told him Well the jumped up Moses! That was thirty five years ago an' there's been a hundred cloud bursts come out of these canyons in the meantime!"

"Right," he says. "An' that's why I'm feared my poor ol' Ingersol is a gone goslin'." "We both had a good laugh over that an' I invited him over to the ranch but he said he had a camp car over in Big Trails an' would have to be gettin' the horse back as it was a borrowed critter. But you can imagine how I felt runnin' onto him after all them years. I'll say one thing, though, Butch was one of the finest fellows I ever knew an' whereever he is I wish him luck."

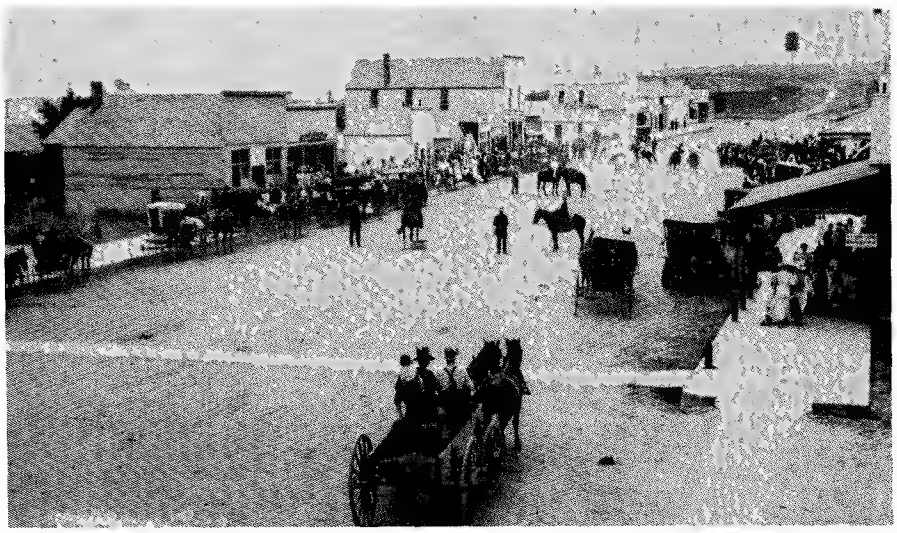
I told Billy his story not only startled me but it had me more confused than ever. "This is hard to believe," I said, "but coming from you I guess I'll have to believe it."

"Well, you better believe it," Billy said as he dumped a gallon can of wheat in fancy bird-feeder he had built.

But wait! We have another angle on Butch Cassidy. A couple of years ago there appeared an article in a Montana newspaper that deepens the mystery. A fellow by the name of Robert Longabaugh claimed to be a son of the notorious Harry Longabaugh, alias "The Sundance Kid." This Robert Longabaugh also claimed to know where there was a cache of a couple hundred thousand dollars which his father and Butch Cassidy had buried when John Law was hot on their heels.

Furthermore, he claimed to have attended Butch's funeral in Spokane, Wash. in 1937 where Butch died under the name of Wm. K. Phillips. Also, this self-styled "son" of the "Sundance Kid" told close friends his father and Butch returned to the United States in 1913 and his father didn't die until August, 1957. He said he had a map he was certain was authentic because through another of his father's maps he had found a cache of six thousand dollars in gold coins in a canyon in Idaho.

However, just as was the case in the "lost" mines, fate overtook this John Longabaugh just as he was readying himself for his search for the huge cache of gold. He, along with others, was burned to a crisp in a fire that swept through the "Priess Hotel" in Missoula, Montana. Now those statements of the alleged son of Harry Longabaugh leaves us to wonder if $200,000 lies buried within that short space where Billy Goodrich saw Butch searching for his "Lost Ingersol?" Summing it all up there is only one thing we are reasonably sure of: There was a map and a dead man implicated in it and now these are gone. But to one who has ridden over that ground and saw flash floods put a ten foot frosting of mud and boulders over the skirt of the Big Horns it looks like the cache of Harry Longabaugh, alias "The Sundance Kid" and Robert Leroy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy, Mr. William Phelps, William K. Phillips and diverse aliases, may be a long, long time buried.



Riverton, Wyoming where Butch Cassidy undoubtedly spent some time AFTER he returned from South America.

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LAWMAN'S LOOT

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE MAN SWORN TO UPHOLD THE LAW IS A THIEF?

by John H. Harrison

Wilcox, Arizona has a past — a sullied past when the infamous Burt Alvord strutted its streets flaunting his constable's badge. It was the tail-end of the nineteenth century, ten years after Curly Bill had departed for parts unknown and Johnny Ringo had ended his own life with a bullet.

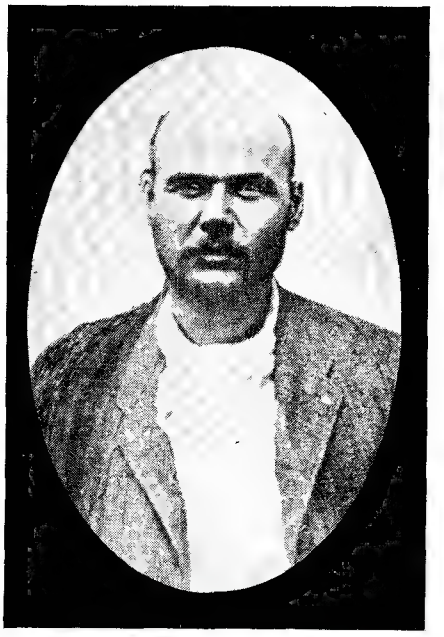
Alvord was a big man locally, in high repute among the town's citizenry. So, when the Southern Pacific's west bound "Flyer" was robbed of ten thousand dollars in gold and silver bullion on the night of September 9th, 1899, Constable Alvord was the first man in the saddle to go after the bandits. The train had stopped at Cochise twelve miles to the southwest to take on the shipment which had been brought up by stage from Dragoon. While the engineer was filling the oil cups on the drive rods of his 4-2-0 locomotive and the fireman was handling the snout on the water-tank, four masked men entered the un-guarded express car and rode off into the night with the ten thousand dollars loot. Not a shot was fired and not a minute was wasted. They knew what they were after and they knew where to find it.

Hardly were they out of sight before the station telegrapher was tapping out the bad news to his counterpart at Wilcox who passed it on to Constable Alvord. Within the hour Alvord had his posse armed and on the way. Straight for Cochise he headed and from there on down the road toward Tombstone, swerving neither right nor left until hemmed in by the towering walls of Texas Canyon.

"Funny we ain't seen no fresh horse tracks," one of the posse complained: a remark un-heeded by the Constable.

In the meantime word had also drifted twenty-three miles south from Wilcox to Pearce where Deputy-Constable W.N. Stiles wore the badge. Like his good friend Alvord, he hustled a posse together and hit the road; not toward Tombstone but southeast into the Sulphur Springs Valley.

Between these two hard-riding minions of the law lay the rugged Dragoon Mountains; a place of deep ravines; of concealing forests, and secret canyons; a place tailored to the nefarious needs of anyone avoiding the law. It teemed with wild game; there was no lack of water; and there were natural hide-outs by the score. They were also accessable by road from three directions — from Cochise on the north; Pearce on the east and from Tombstone on the south. Even the rankest greenhorn would have picked it for a refuge had he been in need of one. Nonetheless, both Alvord and Stiles avoided it like they would a den of rattlesnakes. A week later they led their saddle-weary riders back to their respective bailiwicks crying loud and clear that they quarry must have escaped across the border into Mexico.



Burt Alvord who thought he could hide behind his badge while robbing trains.

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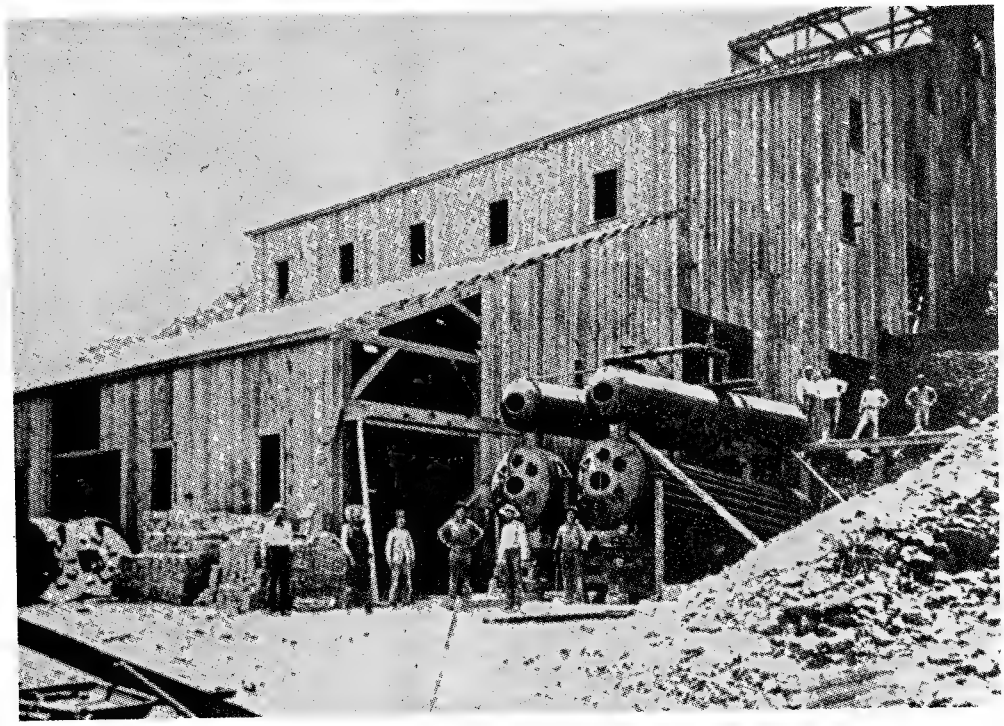
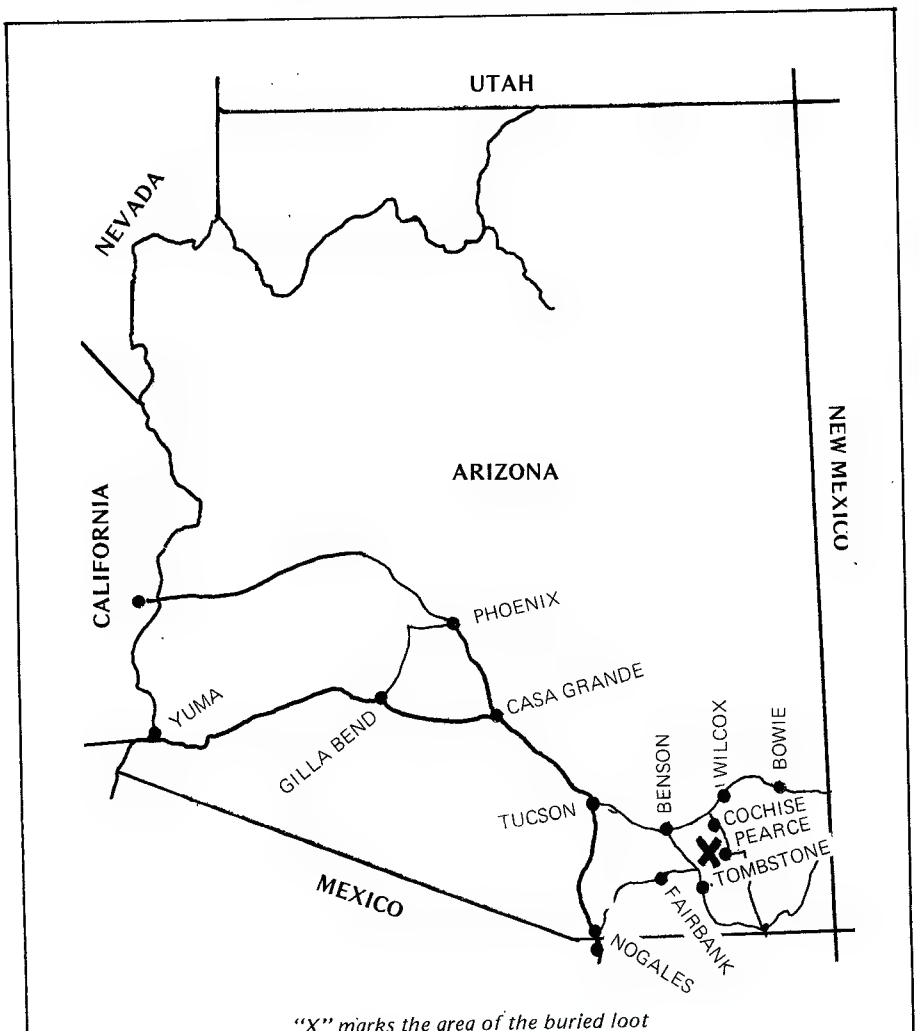


William "Billy" Stiles, a deputy constable of Cochise County who helped Alvord carry out the hold-ups. When Alvord was caught, he broke the lawman out of jail, then was caught himself and jailed. Above is the Commonwealth Mill at Pearce, Arizona.



"X" marks the area of the buried loot

Time passed.

September, October, November, December, and January passed. Memory of the Cochise robbery cooled down. Then came February, 1900! On a cold, windy, wintry night, with visibility hovering near zero and snow clogging the rails, the west-bound Southern Pacific "Express" crept into Fairbank ten miles west of Tombstone to drop off the payroll for the Contention Mine — $15,000 in gold coins. That was a handsome nestegg in its day, but it was but a tenth of the fortune carried that night by the "Express." In the first baggage car behind the engine was an additional $120,000.00 in gold and silver bullion — the month's output from the great Commonwealth Mint at Pearce.

No wonder it was well guarded. Three Wells Frago "agents" kept their eyes on it while staying warm around a pot-bellied stove; among them, one Jeff Milton whose dedication to duty was excelled only by his legendary proficiency with a .44 pistol.

Consequently, when five masked men crashed the car's front door, they were greeted by three stuttering guns that sent them reeling back into the night. One could barely make it to his horse and had to be helped aboard. For the next nine miles he tried desperately to keep up with his fleeing comrades. But the pain and the loss of blood were too much. He toppled out of the saddle and was found there near death two hours later by a tracking posse.

In part to lighten the weight of

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sin on his soul but mostly to get even for a dirty doublecross, he confessed all. Yes — he was Jess Dunlap; better known to the law as "Three Fingered Jack"; a local character more renowned for petty thievery than for honest toil. And yes — he would name his cohorts in the aborted robbery attempt. In fact, he would be happy to name them because the two leaders this night were the self-same two that had pulled off the Cochise robbery five months before and had rooked him out of his share of it.

"What two leaders?" he was asked.

"Alvord; that's who. Burt Alvord, for one; and his side-kick, Billy Stiles. They got the ten thousand dollars. Me and Matt Burts and Bill Downing who was in on it, too, didn't get a red cent."

"You're barkin' up the wrong tree," one of his captors insisted. "Alvord and Stiles are lawmen theirselves. They led the posse lookin' for you scamps."

"Sure they did," Dunlap agreed; "and look where they led them to: square in the wrong direction. Alvord headed for Texas Canyon and Stiles, he headed for Sulphur Springs Valley when all the time they both knowed we was holed up in the Dragoons."

Dunlap's time had just about run out. He lasted long enough to also implicate the two Owens brothers and Bravo Horn in the Fairbank fiasco before a final convulsive curse sealed his lips forever. But what he had already said was mouthful enough! Two fellow lawmen toppled from pedestals of high respectability along with one supposedly wealthy and law-abiding rancher — William Downing.

Constables Alvord and Stiles' defections to crime was understandable. Like most wearers of a badge in their day, they were poorly paid; dependent upon court fines and meager expense reimbursements for a living. The better they did their jobs, the less their pay which was the main reason that so many of them were compelled to earn extra income on the side. What better field than crime itself? They had all the contacts; they would be the least suspected; and, by playing it smart, could be their own guarantee against discovery. Such was their reasoning; but, in most cases, it didn't work out that way. As with the just dead Dunlap, sombody always squealed.

The case of William Downing was a different "ball of wax." His local image was that of wealthy rancher riding high on a tide of prosperity that

Burt Alvord posed for this photo in Panama. He swore he would return for his buried loot, but never had the guts to come back to the States.

showed no sings of ebbing. The meat hungry miners of Dragoon, Pearce, Tumbstone, Charleston, Fairbank and Mill City consumed all the beef he had to sell and buyers didn't quibble on price. He had five thousand acres of fertile valley land plus unrestricted grazing rights to the adjacent hills. He had money in the bank and he stood tall among his peers. Yet here he was; a train-robber flirting with the hangman's noose. Why?

His subsequent trial in Tombstone revealed "why." Behind the facade of good-citizen was a background of crime that stretched from Arizona to Texas. He was a regular Jekyll and Hyde. To one faction, a man of impeccable character whose word was as good as his bond. To a select few, a cattle rustler, robber and gunslinger. In earlier days he had ridden with Curly Bill Brocius; and down in Texas he had ridden with Sam Bass. Crime was in his blood. He couldn't escape it; he had to keep his hand in. So, Cochise and Fairbank. He got ten years in the Yuma prison, served some of it and was parolled; but the old urge was still with him. More devilment re-captured; prison again; out again; and finally death in a gun duel with an Arizona Ranger in 1908.

Cowboy Burts, the Owens brothers, and Bravo Horn also got Yuma; but the fates of Alvord and Stiles followed a different pattern. Consider that of Stiles first. Ostensibly to save his own neck but possibly for more mercenary reasons, he turned State's evidence. In return for giving complete and explicit details of his own and Constable Alvord's lawless escapades, he was set free with the one admonition that he leave the country.

He didn't. Instead, two days after his colleagues were convicted and temporarily housed in the Tombstone jail, he walked boldly into the place gun in hand; shot the jailer, and released Alvord.

For Stiles it was not a successful coup. Within hours he was captured and this time, did not escape trial. Convicted, he joined all except Alvord in the Yuma prison. Fortunately, the jail keeper survived his gun-shot wound or Stiles would have danced the Tyburn Waltz — a rope around his neck and both feet off the ground. Yuma, however, did not hold him for long. Somehow he wangled parole in 1906 and DID leave the country. He went to Nevada, changed his name to Larkin, and settled down to putting his own brand on other people's cattle. Caught at it in 1908, he was gunned down by an irate rancher and buried in an unmarked grave.

Burt Alvord faired somewhat better than his co-leader in crime. After Stiles broke him out of the Tombstone Jail, the two men separated, no doubt in an effort to confuse persuit. Stiles failed but Alvord made it across the border into Mexico. Not much is known about him from there on. He was seen in Panama two years later and is said to have eventually died on a Panamanian off-shore island — a penniless, half-crazed beach-comber given to gibberish about all the gold and silver he had buried back in the States.

Or was it gibberish? Or could he have been referring to that ten thousand dollar robbery of the S.P. train on the night of September 9th, 1899?

Three Fingered Jack Dunlap had sworn during his last few minutes of life that neithe; he himself nor any of the other minor participants in the hold-up had gotten an ounce of it. Stiles and Alvord had stalled them off for one flimsy reason or another. Either they were too busy enforcing the law or the law was too close on their tails. Nor did the trail elicit a single hint of its where-abouts. Alvord swore that only Stiles know; and Stiles swore just as vehemently that only Alvord knew.

Both lied.

Subsequent acts clearly indicate that neither one of them had it but that both knew where it was; and that their intent was to split it between them. To hell with Downing, Cowboy Burts, et al. Why else would Stiles have bargained for his own release from the

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CUSTER'S STOLEN GOLD

OVER $100,000 IN YESTERDAY'S MONEY IS STILL OUT THERE

by Dean Ballenger

Mining experts with the Custer expedition of 1874 reported that they had found gold "in copious quantity" on French Creek in the Black Hills.

Despite a treaty with the Sioux that the area would be their's forever and that the U.S. Army would prohibit trespass by whites, gold seekers swarmed into the territory afoot, horseback and in all manner of wheeled vehicles.

The Army tried to keep them out, an impossible task with promise of gold for the taking.

On August 10, 1875 the town of Custer, in the southern Black Hills, was laid out regardless of threats by the Sioux to annihilate every white man in the region.

By October 1, Custer had a thousand inhabitants. By the middle of December, despite a severe winter, the population was ten thousand.

It was inevitable that someone would launch a bank in this fast-growing settlement but it was unfortunate that this man was Cole Bratton, 47, a former St. Louis bank teller who had served three years in the Missouri State Pen, at Jeff City for embezzlement and who had recently been employed by the J.J. Harris Banking House in Denver under the alias Oliver Powell.

General George Armstrong Custer, the man who originally discovered the gold and the namesake for the later town of "Custer."

On January 14, 1875 he announced the opening for business of the Dakota Bank & Depository, Cole Bratton, Owner & General Manager. Besides the usual accoutrements of an frontier bank, Bratton included an assay department operated by Jeff Dawson, 25, who had learned assaying in California and who was an honest and competent young man.

It was an era when anyone with a few hundred dollars for 'counter money' could open a bank. Official supervision was practically non-existent and a patron made deposits strictly at his own risk, gambling his money on the integrity of the bank's owner and the judgment of his loans which were, of course, funds deposited by the bank's customers.

Bratton, who was said 'to look like a banker,' was additionally endowed with a glib and pious tongue so no one bothered to investigate his background. Instead, prospectors literally flocked to the Dakota Bank & Depository to entrust substantial parts of their strikes to the convicted embezzler.

The gold dust and nuggets deposited in Bratton's bank were kept in a 2-ton Fields & Hauser vault which he'd had muled up from Cheyenne. This contributed to the community's confidence in the bank. The vault was too big and heavy to be moonlighted and its massive tumble lock steel door was too sturdy to be chiseled or blasted.

All they had to worry about was a daylight robbery, but this wasn't likely. Bratton had hired two hardcores, Jules DeVere, a French-Cheyenne mix, and Hap Mollison, a former stage guard, to loll in the doorway with double-barrel 8-gauge shotguns loaded with steel

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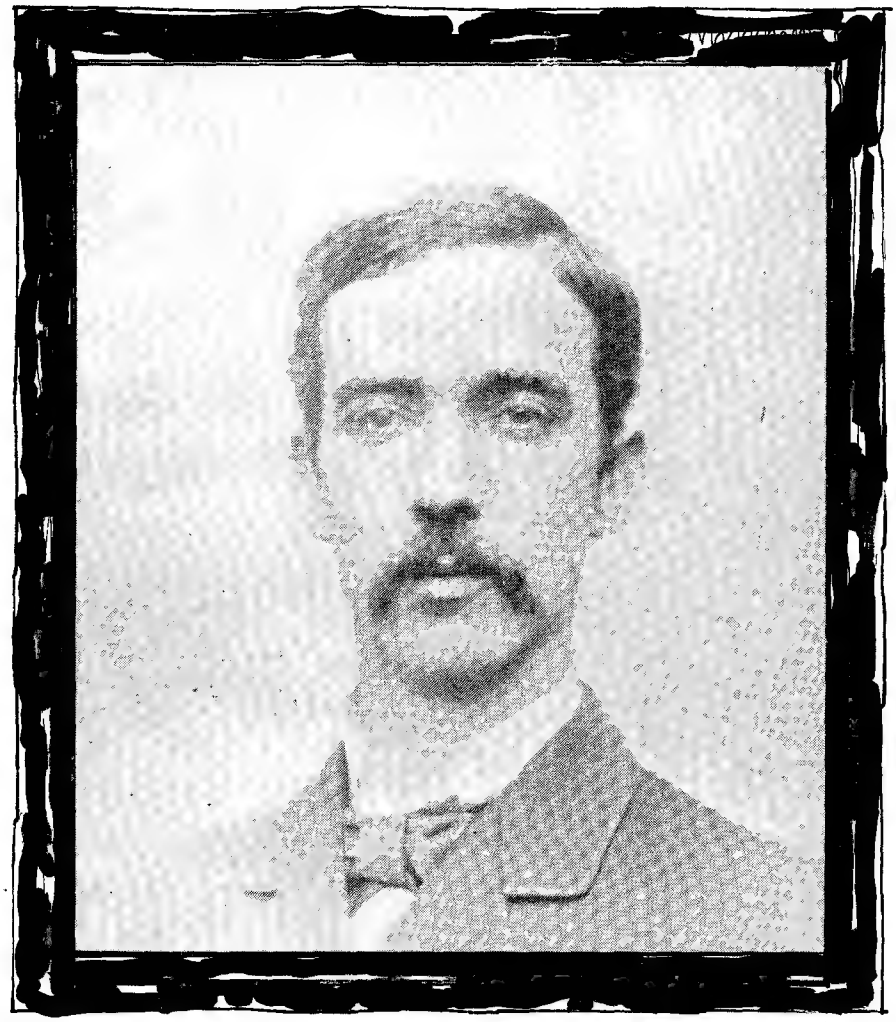
pellets. A single blast from one of these powerful weapons was capable of mowing a bloody swath through an entire gang of robbers, or blasting off a man's head if they went at it fancy.

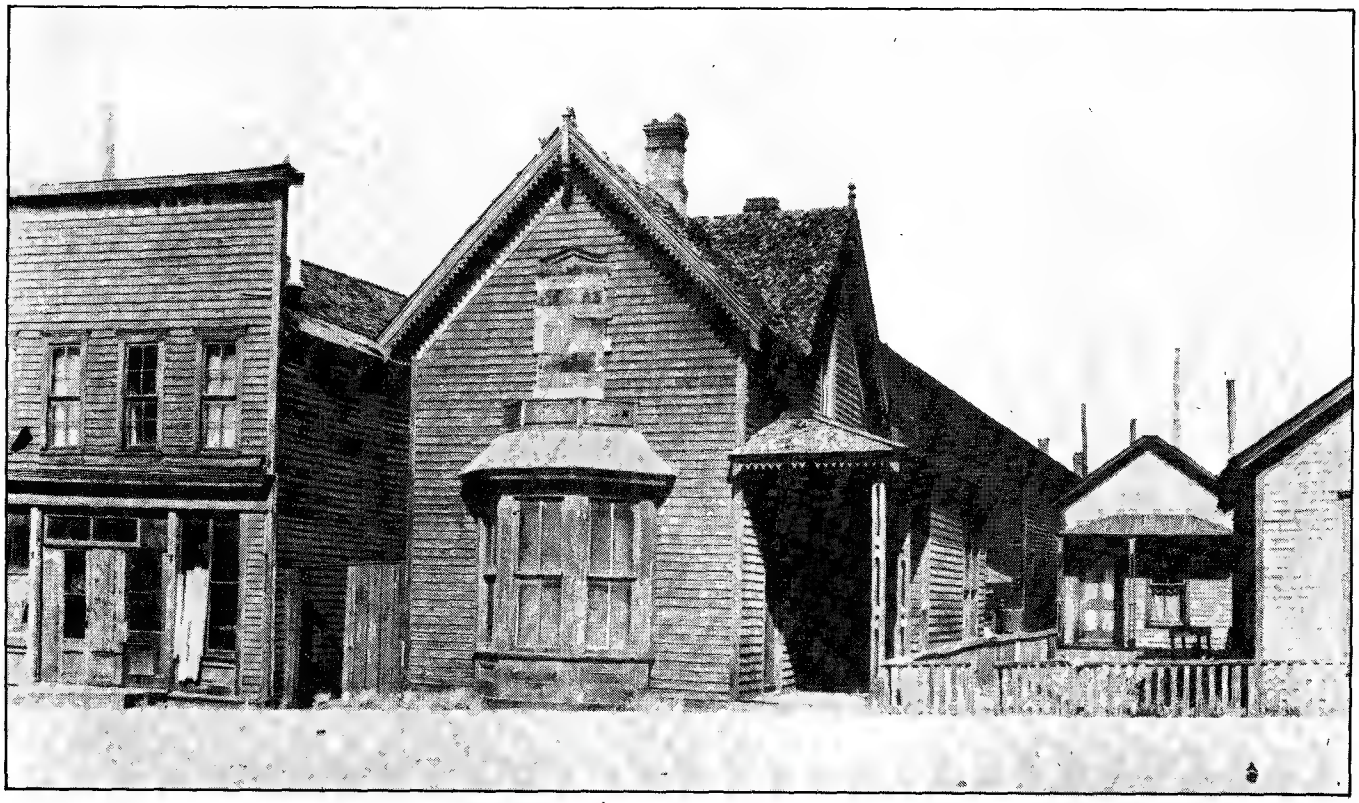
A gold camp always attracted men who preferred to earn their livelihoods by easier means than wielding a pick or panning a stream. One of this species who had been lured to Custer was Deter Gilmour, 42, variously a Colorado-Wyoming faro dealer, brothel pimp, horsethief and small bore stage robber.

Why not, he reasoned, rob Bratton's bank which surely must have more gold on deposit than a man could haul with a team of Missouri mules.

There was, of course, the matter of the big vault and the two uglies with their shotguns. But Gilmour had figured a way around these impediments. Bratton came to the bank in the evenings now and again,



Cole Bratton (right) stole more than $120,000 in gold from his own bank and then fled into the hills nearby Custer, not suspecting he was followed.



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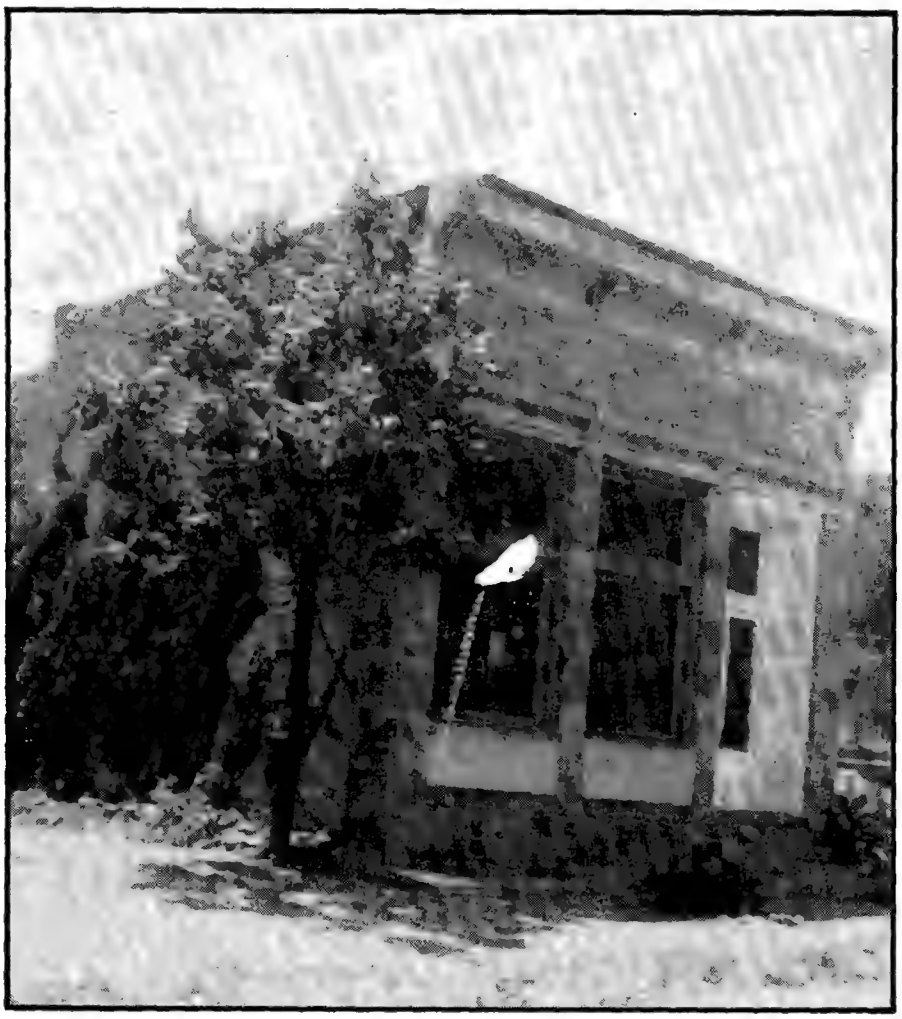
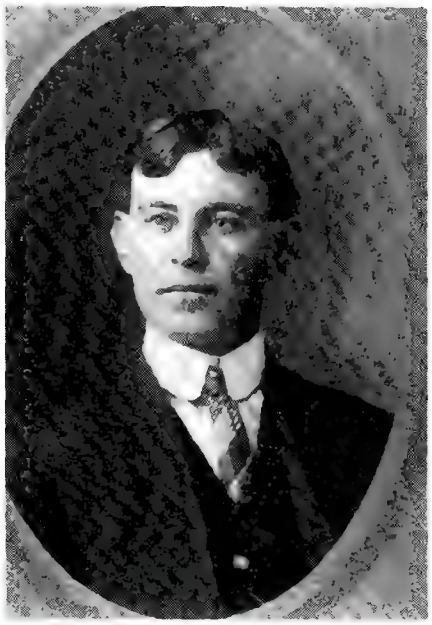


The bank in Custer that was robbed by its own President and owner.

working alone at his desk. The next time this occurs, Gilmour decided — testifying to these facts later, he would back-door into the bank and tell Bratton he had the option of opening the vault or becoming a corpse.

Gilmour began to spend his evenings trailing Bratton. "I figured," he was to admit, "that sooner or later he'd go to the bank and then I'd dingle all the gold I could pack, him not being the kind a man it seemed to me who would let somebody shoot him to save other people's money from being stole."

The evening of Tuesday, September 21, 1875 Bratton went into the bank, unlocked his roll-top desk and began to peruse its papers. "I figured this was my chance," Gilmour testified, "so I easied over back a Swede Krunborg's blacksmith shop where I had stole a jackbar and hid it in some weeds. I kept it there where I could git at it because I couldn't carry it while I was trailing Bratton or people would a wondered what I was up to. Then I hot-footed back to the back of the bank fixing to easy the door open and git me some gold and then lock old Bratton in the safe afterwards."



Circuit Judge Elmer Cadwalder who ruled that Gilmour was still guilty, even though he had stolen the gold from a bank thief. Gilmour then refused to reveal the location of the cached money.

By the time Gilmour got back of the bank several minutes had elapsed. "I couldn't hardly believe my eyeballs. Here that old son of a gun was, a sneakin' out and a carryin' two big heavy bags a something."

It occurred to Gilmour, while he peered around a shadowed tree, that Bratton "was up to something," and what he was up to was that he was absconding with two bags of his depositors' gold.

"Them bags was so heavy he had to put one down on the ground and use both hands to lift the other into his saddlebag, and then it like to pulled the saddle off his nag before he got it balanced with the other bag on the other side."

It occurred to Gilmour, watching the horse-loading banker, that following him out of town a ways and then robbing him would be better than his original plan. "It didn't make me feel so dishonest because I wouldn't be directly stealing from them poor buggers that had put their gold in the bank."

Bratton rode down darkened streets until he came to the south side of the burgeoning boom town. Then he thumped his mount southeastward, into the Council Hills.

Gilmour followed him. When Bratton dismounted at Clearwater Springs to water his weary mount, and get a drink himself, Gilmour crept toward him.

"He heard me sneakin' up on him," Gilmour testified. "He was out in the moonlight and I wasn't, being in the dark of the trees, so I got off the best shots."

These best shots killed Bratton. Gilmour transferred the gold to his own saddle bags and rode further into the hills. "When I came to this certain place," he said later, "I cached that gold, except for a couple hundred dollars worth."

It was a "natural cache," he was to say, which is the closest he ever came to describing it, or its location. He rode back to Custer, taking a deer trail which circumvented Bratton's body because, he said, it gave him 'goose pimples' to look at a dead body. *Continued on page 55*

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BLOOD BROTHER TO JEREMIAH JOHNSON

TIMBERJACK JOE — THE VERY LAST MOUNTAIN MAN

by Bret Hampton

White-haired, curly greay-white bearded like some offbeat combination frontiersman-St. Nick, he sits astride the calm, aging apaloosa, an imposing figure in the "Mountain Man Rendezvous." Of all the young, old peach-faced or grizzle-haired "mountain men" assembled for the re-enactment of the famous trading parties, only old Timberjack seems truly to belong.

Every summer Dubois, Wyoming comes out of its quiet little shell long enough to be the lively center of the traditional event. A hundred and forty years ago men like Jim Bridger, Kit Carson and Timberjack's blood brother Johnson all passed this way. They stopped briefly to trade and barter with the Indians and each other, and to get glorious drunk. Everyone in town participates in the event and many dress for their parts, whether as Indians or trappers themselves. They've all seen drawings, pictures, read books about the history of the area, maybe even seen the movie "Jeremiah Johnson" five or six times; but only old Timberjack has really tasted or lived the mountain life.

At one time he ran a trap line that covered two hundred miles through the Rockies, garnering enough beaver and pelts for Joe to eke out a living in an area supposedly trapped out a hundred years ago. Timberjack often lives in a tipi given him by his friends, the Crow, other times sleeping on the bare ground, though he sometimes resorts to a more conventional living quarters. Though he rides his horse hundreds of miles, he has been known to make use of his battered pickup to travel fast enough to keep up the crowded schedule he's made for himself.

Some people don't believe Timberjack is for real. Decked out in skunk hat and leathers, he just doesn't easily fit into our highly structured modern society.

But soon it becomes easy to be around him. Timberjack's personality is genuine, unaffected. After awhile you just know that this old character would seem terribly phony smelling of cologne and deodorant, and the smell starts to grow on you.

Timberjack knows that some people laugh at him, his ways, but he doesn't worry about it, and actually seems to enjoy all the fuss paid over him. Somehow, he's talked the Dubois post office into stamping all their letters with a special postmark bearing a picture of Timberjack and his dog, Tuffy. Everything written by Timberjack comes emblazoned with not only his name, but Tuffy's, too. He writes like he talks, in a natural, homegrown friendliness.

"May the clean Breezes from the top of the Mountains blow Good Will to all Mankind."

Another feather in Joe's cap is his special stature as the only living man made blood brother to the most famous of mountain men. Joe talks about it with solemn reverence. The thought of it has been known to bring tears to his eyes.

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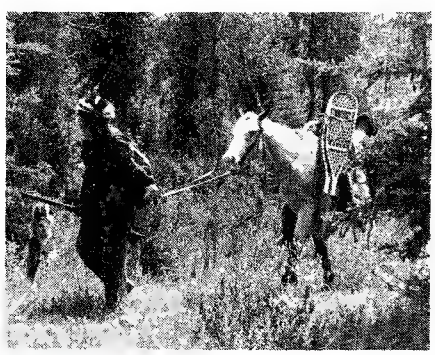

Even though Jeremiah Johnson probably died before Timberjack was born, this last of the mountain men still has an amazing claim that Johnson's blood has mingled with his.

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Photos Courtesy of Author

The EVILS of COWBOY MONEY

HOW MUCH TROUBLE CAN $60 BRING? ENOUGH TO LAST A LIFETIME

by Harry Webb

When my brother Charley threw the soogans aside at day break and hurried into his duds as if the house was on fire I said "I knew it!"

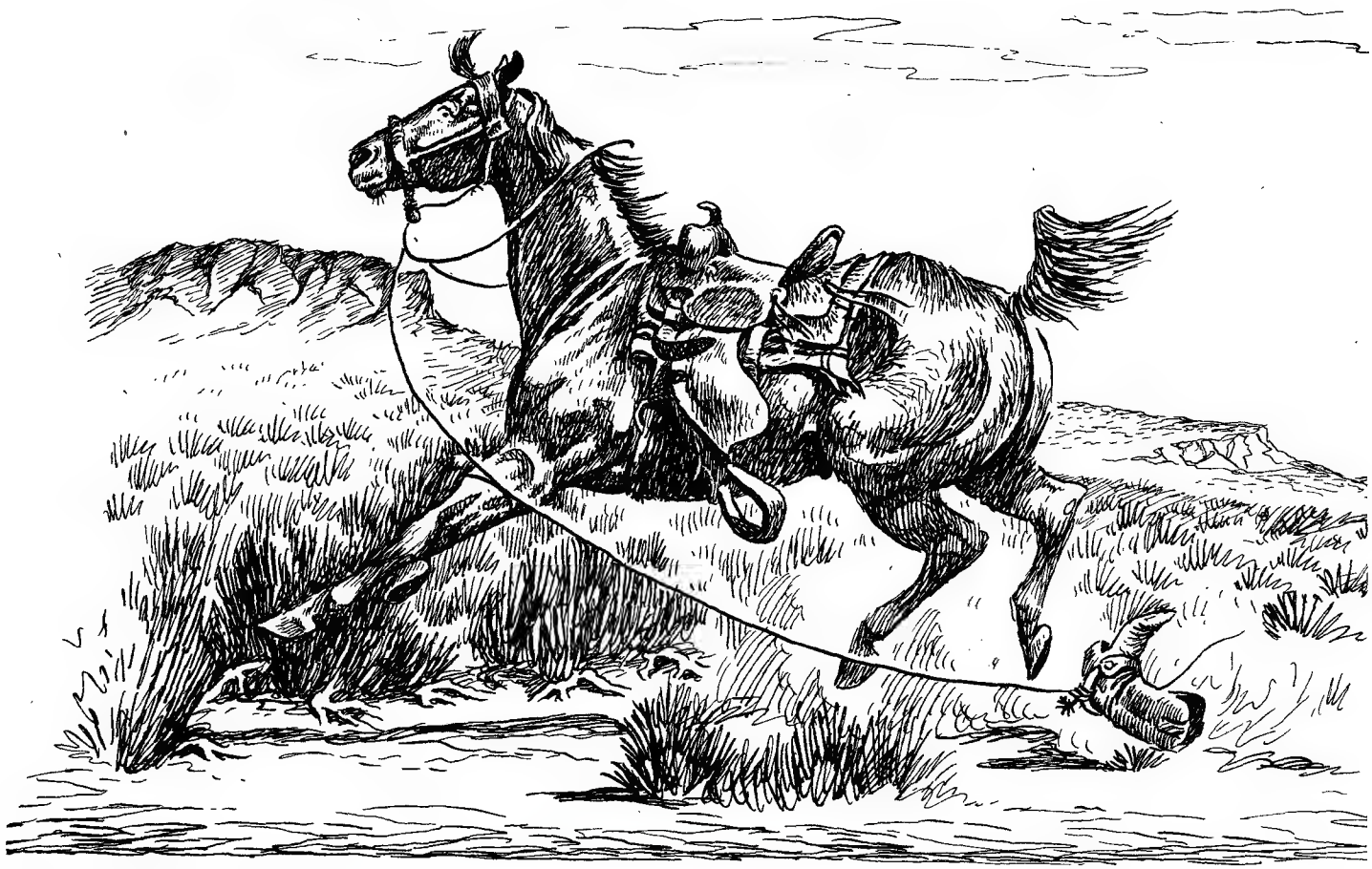
"Knew what, smart aleck?" he rasped as he pulled on a boot like he was mad at it.

"Knew you were headed for Lander," I replied in a tone that always got his nanny. "Nothin' but a sudden thought of Effie Wagner could make you move that fast."

"Hell of a lot you know about it!" he grunted. "Besides, what I do is none o' your business!" With that he slammed on his hat and stomped out. I heard "Soapy" Smith, (the cook at the Anchor Ranch) say "What's the big rush, Charley?" Charley mumbled something about wrangling horses just as a door slammed.

I'd known this was coming for two weeks. A big flat box had arrived on the bi-weekly stage and that night I'd surprised him when I entered the room where our tarp-covered bed and that of Fred McGee's lay on the board floor. Charley stood before a big old mirror, with half the glass gone, as he held aloft and twisted and turned, looking at himself.

The scene struck me so funny I had to laugh but I also had gumption enough to duck out, because the way he gave me the Dog Eye told me he was mad enough to splatter the lamp



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Hank Blagg (left) who "suggested" that Charlie and the author have a drink and play a little cards. Little did they suspect that drinking, gambling, chasing a boot in an Indian camp, and the blowing up of a handgun was going to follow. (Photo taken several years afterward.)

on my head. That instant vision of him is still before me. He had on a black suit, a frilled bosom white shirt and a celluloid collar so high it made his whiskers and shaggy hair look like they grew the wrong direction.

I recalled seeing the catalog opened with the "special combination offer." Suit, shirt, collar, tie and black shoes all for ten dollars! Charley was a handsome booger and I could visualize him in that outfit (once he had a hair cut and shave) as cutting quite a swath with that Lander girl, or any other girl, for that matter.

Charley had wrangled the horses and with our bellies full of Soapy Smith's soda biscuits and beefsteaks I said "What horses are we riding? Our own or a couple o' these broncs?"

"What d'yuh mean by that we stuff?" Charley blustered. "I'm ridin' Snorter and you're sure as hell not goin'!"

"The hell I ain't!" I told him. "I need a change of scenery, too. And I need some winter duds."

"Endorse that check and I'll fetch you the things you need," he barked as he laid a loop on his private horse "Snorter." I had trusted him with checks and money before and had made up my mind, even though he was my adored brother, I wouldn't trust him with my $60.00 check any farther than I could throw a full grown horse by the tail!

"I'll take care of the check," I said, "and I'm going along."

"Listen, kid," he growled, "that horse of yours or anything in this corral can't keep in Snorter's dust! I'll be in Lander by sundown and that's seventy miles from here! But if you're bound to tag along you better, by God figure on some tall ridin'."

There was one grey we'd just finished breaking for Charlie Blonde (pronounced Blon-dee) and Blonde had said "That damn critter is too ornery to live so ride his leggs off, or until he drops dead and I don't care which." The grey was mean alright. All he knew was to buck and he'd piled me on my face and hands in a big patch of Rose Cactus a couple weeks before and on my 18th birthday at that; so I had it in for him. He'd stand the gaff to Lander if I killed him in the attempt!

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COWBOY MONEY

We were saddled and in the yard by the house and Charley was trying to tie his bundle of "Go to Meetin'" duds behind the cantle while Snorter tore around in a cirle. Charley was about to tie the strings on the near side when Soapy tossed out a pan of dish water. With a snort Charley got a hoff planted in his middle and away went Snorter to the big pasture among the newly broken broncs.

I had often expected Charley to kill that damned horse or the horse kill him because "Ornery" was a mild phrase for Snorter. He snorted at anything and everything, even at the hay in a manger, and seemed to watch for a chance to kick Charley's head off. Every time Charley went to mount him it was a case of do so while Snorter was either kicking and bucking or being dragged around in a half circle for a while. But once a fellow was in the saddle ol' Snorter was sure a road eater.

After chasing that bunch of horses round and round that big pasture (due to having to be mighty careful the grey didn't take a notion to plant me, or try to) the morning was shot. Then Charley dassent try to tie his precious bundle, carefully folded in a timothy sack, on so had to lay it on a corral post and after mounting ease it off and do the tying on.

All hope of being in Lander that day was gone and night caught us at a ranch on the north shore of the Big Wind River a bit over half way. At this ranch we met a man I took to be a friend of Charley's. Leastwise Charley saluted him with "Well if it ain't my old friend Gyp Sopher!" as they pounded each other's backs.

"Not so loud," Sopher said in a hushed voice which had me wondering if my brother had been associating with an escaped convict. That evening by using my ears instead of my mouth I learned Ed Sopher was a "Gyp" Insurance salesman preying on ranchers throughout the country. He was a glib talker and could convince even a healthy Siwash he needed a fat Insurance Policy as dire things could happen to him overnight.

He had just unloaded a twenty-five hundred dollar Policy on our host and in those days the policy buyer's signature called for cash. If they hadn't cash Sopher would take any negotiable object, be it a horse, cow or pig. Right then his mount, a sway-back mare, and McClellan saddle represented payment on a fat policy that would never be turned in.

The next morning, against Sopher's arguments, Charlies persuaded him to join us. "Hellroaring Thanksgivin' Eve Dance tonight in Lander," I heard Charley say, "so come along. I'll rustle you a partner, or my girl will, and we'll have a howling time. Yuh might be able to unload some Insurance in the bargain."

"Sounds salubrious alright!" Sopher said. "But don't wish some clodhopper of a girl on me! I'm a hot shot dancer you know." I knew Charley was a smooth dancer and was anxious to see him togged out in that new get up.

Our troubles began again at sunup that morning. No, it wasn't caused by Snorter as Charley mounted him this time in the barn corral. It was that mare of Sopher's. A skim of ice had formed along the river's shore and from the stubborn, rearing around you'd think Sopher was trying to put her through a wall of fire. After an exasperating delay Charley said "I'll put the sonuvabitch in!" With Snorther behind her he socked in the spurs and bunted her ten feet out in the stream, all but drowning Sopher.

Then, in the middle of the river where the swift current almost reached our saddle skirts, I had my legs doubled back until my spurs almost touched the cantle and both thighs got a cramp that was agonizing and the grey came uncorked. That river was a scary one and the only thing saved me was the water being too deep for a horse to do much bucking. When we reached the south bank it would have been a relief to get thrown and killed! Ever have two knots the size of baseballs coil in your thighs? Nothing worse, and I was still weak and aching when we reached Lander.

Although Sopher had on a nice suit, after we got out of the river he said "Now what the hell do I do for a dancing suit?"

"Don't bellyache to me about your suit," Charley grumbled. "All my duds are in this sack and from the amount of water pouring out of the bag it wouldn't surprise me if the whole works got a bit damp."

"Well," I offered, "If that dance is tonight you've got all day to dry out."

"I know what we'll do," Charley said to Sopher. "We'll stop at the Chinaman's and I'll leave my stuff to be pressed and you can leave your coat. Your pants and shirt look all right."

The Chinese laundry was almost acruss the street from Welch's Livery Barn and after leaving their clothes, to be picked up later in the afternoon, I supposed we would leave our horses in the Welch Stable and head for the Chinese restaurant, as we had all been complaining about being "Starved." However, Sopher insisted we go to Farlow's Barn at the far end of the

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Looking south in Lander Wyoming: Farlow Livery Barn near end of street; on right is the Fremont Hotel; high building, right foreground, Farnigan's Saloon. At right is Effie Wagner. (Photo taken in 1911.)

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Shotgun Shootout

AN OLD FRENCH SPORTING RIFLE AGAINST A REMINGTON 10 GAUGE – WHICH WOULD KILL FIRST?

by Bob Wolenik

"I did not take your mare," said Jim Lefevre or "Frenchy" as he was unaffectionately known.

"You're sure not riding 'shank's mare'." The voice was from John H Walker, a respected member of the town council and a citizen of nearby Los Gatos for nearly 5 years. "Now get down off my horse before I drag you down!"

The confrontation was in front of E.L. Moore's General Mercantile just north of the town of Los Gatos (the Spanish name "The Cats" given to it by the first settlers), California and was to lead to one of the strangest and bloodiest shoot-outs to take place in the west.

Frenchy looked down at Walker, a man who stood nearly six foot, two inches tall (a giant in those days) and decided he'd be better off not getting down. (He stood only five foot tall in his boots.) "I've got a bill-of-sale for the horse," said Frenchy, "Only I left it with my wife. I did not think anyone would be crazy enough to challenge my ownership." He had in fact bought the horse for $45 just a week earlier outside of the crumbling Spanish mission of Santa Clara, just 13 miles away.

Walker was getting mad at being put off. He recognized the horse right off from the star on its forehead. "I know my own horse!" he nearly shouted. A handful of men had emerged from the mercantile store by now and were watching the argument.

Walker walked up to the horse and before Frenchy could do anything, Walker had grabbed him by his belt and simply threw him off. Then, steadying the horse, he lifted its upper lip and there tatooed was a "Bar W," Walker's own brand.

A few men walked up and looked also to serve as witnesses. "Been tatooing my horses for years. Never thought to look there, did you, rustler."

Frenchy had gotten up and knew he was in big trouble. Even though it was 1883 and the wild frontier days had past, men still were known to hang a man for rustling, without any trial. He looked around at the sullen faces and tried to judge whether they would let him send for his wife with the bill-of-sale. Even though it must be from the real rustler, it would prove his innocence.

But Frenchy had one black mark against him already, his background. Even though he had been born in America, he still talked with a slight accent, inherited from his parents who came from France and had never really mastered, "American." When he had been in tough straights before, often it was this being an outsider that had been the deciding factor in turning the tables against him.

Frenchy suddenly knew that it would go bad for him and he would be hanged. He didn't wait. He sprang for the horse and in an instant he was on it. But just as fast, Walker had him by the belt and was yanking him down. Frenchy didn't have the reins and there was nothing he could do. Except this time, as he came down, he brought his father's old shotgun, which he kept strapped to the saddle, with him.

In an instant he was on his feet and he leveled the shotgun at the men.

This was 1883 and men didn't wear hand guns anymore unless they were expecting trouble and none were, so he had them empty handed and they backed away. But in Walker's mind and that of the others, Frenchy had just proved his guilt. Would they have hanged him if he hadn't chosen to fight? Men standing there later swore the thought had never come to their minds.

Frenchy began backing slowly from the group and chances are he might have just walked away if Ed Moore hadn't suddenly emerged from his store holding a Remington 10 gauge. It was a new rifle he had just gotten in. At the same time saying, "Here, John," he threw the gun to Walker.

It was now a standoff, almost.

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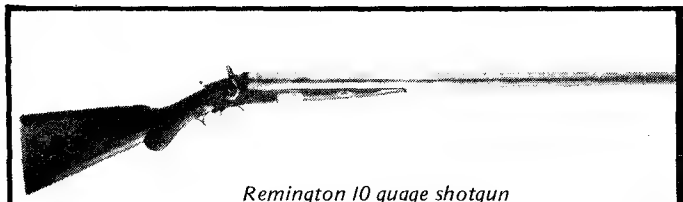
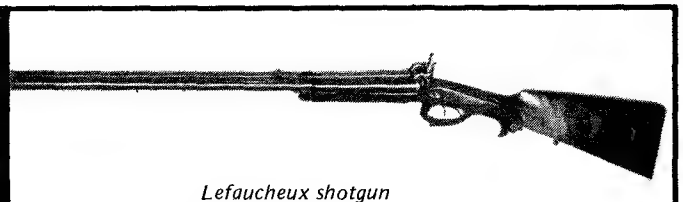


Remington 10 guage shotgun



Lefaucheux shotgun

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The Lady

SHE ATTRACTED SILVER — AND WOMAN KILLERS

by B. Dickerson

Photos Courtesy of Author

Ellen E. Jack must have brought out the worst in people when you consider how many of them tried to murder her. She was born in Nottingham England Nov. 3, 1842 and the first person who seemed to take an instant dislike to her was her grandmother. When Ellen was very small her grandmother realized how headstrong she was so every time the old lady caught her alone she beat her. Her mother finally forbade her to visit her grandmother because her mother feared for her life. Unfortunately for Ellen the old lady lived to the ripe old age of 107 so Ellen had many years to avoid contact with the woman.

From then until she was a pretty young teenager her life was comparatively calm. Then her first lover tried to do her in. He was a Russian she met at a party while she was visiting her sister. They had a whirlwind romance but it didn't last long because he was called back to Russia for military service. Ellen missed him in the worst way and spent much time brooding about him. Then one evening her cousin persuaded her to go to the opera with him. He said, "You deserve a night out. Don't sit here and mope any more."

Unbeknownst to them her Russian lover was in England on leave searching for Ellen. He followed her to the opera house. As they left it her cousin walked away from her to go buy a bouquet of flowers. Her lover spotted her standing at the entrance to the building and also spied her cousin. He suspected the worst, and consumed with jealousy, walked up to her and stabbed her three times with a dagger. She screamed, her cousin Jack hurried to her side, and an officer came up and arrested the Russian but it was too late to protect Ellen. It took her 18 weeks to convalesce from this wound and she

Ellen Jack sporting the pistol she used to defend her silver claim along with the pick she used to dig the metal out. Note the candle fastened to her hat used for lighting old-time silver mines.

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Captain Jack

The final resting place of the lady Captain Jack.

carried the scars as well as others acquired later in life to her grave.

In 1859 Ellen decided to leave England and its bitter memories behind. She followed her sister and brother-in-law to New York. The brother-in-law was in this country on business and when he was about ready to leave the country Ellen got sick. She felt she was too ill to go back with them so she persuaded them to return without her. She sailed on a later ship and it was here that she met Captain Jack her future husband.

They were married a year later and he took a commission in the navy at the outbreak of the Civil War. Shortly after his commission he was severely wounded and spent the rest of his life a semi-invalid.

Ellen had four children by this man. The first two died while still babies. But Ellen's fortunes took a turn for the better about this time. She had inherited some money from an aunt in England and had invested it profitably. Her husband was earning money and her third and fourth children were well and healthy. Unfortunately things were not to stay this way. Her father-in-law lay on his deathbed and he asked to see Ellen. When she came to his bedside he took her hand and moaned, "Oh, Nelly, if you could see what I see, poor girl. You don't know what's in store for you and what sorrow there is before you." Then the old man quietly slipped away.

Ellen Jack set no store by what he said but he knew what he was talking about. Shortly after his father died, Captain Jack also died. In 1874 Ellen found herself a young widow with two children to support. She decided to build a resort hotel on Coney Island. Before she could open it caught fire, burned to the ground, and she and her children barely escaped with their lives. She was away from the hotel when she spotted smoke. She hurried back because she knew her children were alone in the hotel. She ran into the burning hotel to the nursery, snatched the two children and ran to a first floor balcony. She threw them both over the balcony into nets below. In a final act of courage she jumped and broke both her ankles . . . but they were alive!

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By 1909, Ellen Jack had lost both her silver mine and money and was forced to pose for photographers to get money to live on. There were still, however, killers on her trail, several of whom found her.

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THE GREAT MOVIE COWBOYS

WESTERNER TALKS WITH George O'Brien

Photos Courtesy of Author

by Bob Birchard

George O'Brien describes himself as a man of a few thousand words. He likes to talk — and he has a lot to talk about. He is best-remembered as a Western star for Fox and RKO in the 1930's — but this is only one of several careers. Cowboy, cameraman, stuntman, traveller, explorer, Naval captain, businessman — he has led an exciting life. He has made few film appearances in the past thirty years, but he is by no means retired.

He is an early riser. On a typical day he will be up at 5:30. If it's warm, he may drive down to the beach for some surfing or a swim. On cooler days he will exercise and run several miles. Then the coffee pot goes on — and the best time to talk with George

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"If I may let my ego show, (John) Ford and I together just zoomed . . . they'd force the theatres to take the turkeys by promising them my pictures. Because with Ford or Mix or myself the theatres didn't have to worry about the light, the water or the rent or the projectionists' salaries. They knew they were paid for."

O'Brien in "The Lone Star Ranger."

O'Brien is in the morning over those first several cups. Looking at him, it is hard to believe that O'Brien was six years old when the great earthquake hit San Francisco in 1906 — he looks twenty years younger. But the earthquake provides some of his earliest vivid memories.

George was born in San Francisco on April 19, 1900. His father, Dan O'Brien was the youngest consulting engineer in the state of California. George went to sleep on April 17, 1906 thinking about the birthday cake his mother promised to bake him. Early on the morning of the 18th, the ground began to shake.

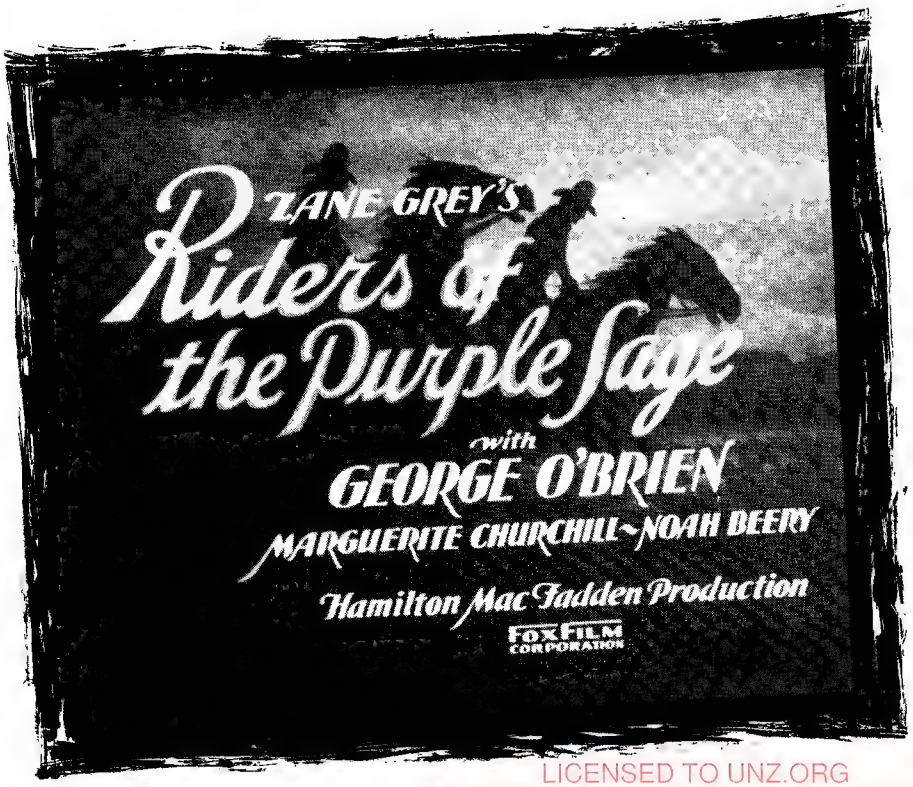
"The morning of the quake, my dad told my brother and I to get back into bed and cover our heads. So we did, but it continued. We were moved from where we were living because there was a threat that the gas lines would explode. Buildings were falling — there was fire — and the National Guard was called in. I remember walking. My father carried my brother who was three. People were lying under building begging to be shot because they were caught and couldn't get away. But for a kid with a birthday the next day, my only thought was: am I going to have a cake?

"Finally, they put us in a truck — but just as we got on the truck, a wagon drove up. An officer stepped out and took my father. All able-bodied men were taken away to clear the debris."

George and his mother and brother were taken to a country dance hall at Twin Peaks, an outlying district. "We all lived together — all the families. Babies were born, and everything else. Oh, I had a liberal education at that age.

"The story goes that my father was spotted by the city fathers digging in a ditch, and they asked him what he was doing there — here he was, a civil engineer and more valuable in that capacity than as a ditch digger. My father looked up at them and said: 'Ask that fellow with the rifle.' The soldiers made sure that everybody kept digging."

Eventually, Dan O'Brien got down to laying plans for clearing the city, and finally found his family in Twin Peaks. It fell to young George to drive the buckboard to pick up the water and supplies for the refugees. Every week he would drive the wagon to the Presidio and back. He also greased the wagon wheels, and took care of the horse. His mother did the cooking for fifty-three people. Oh —



Title card for, "Riders of the Purple Sage."

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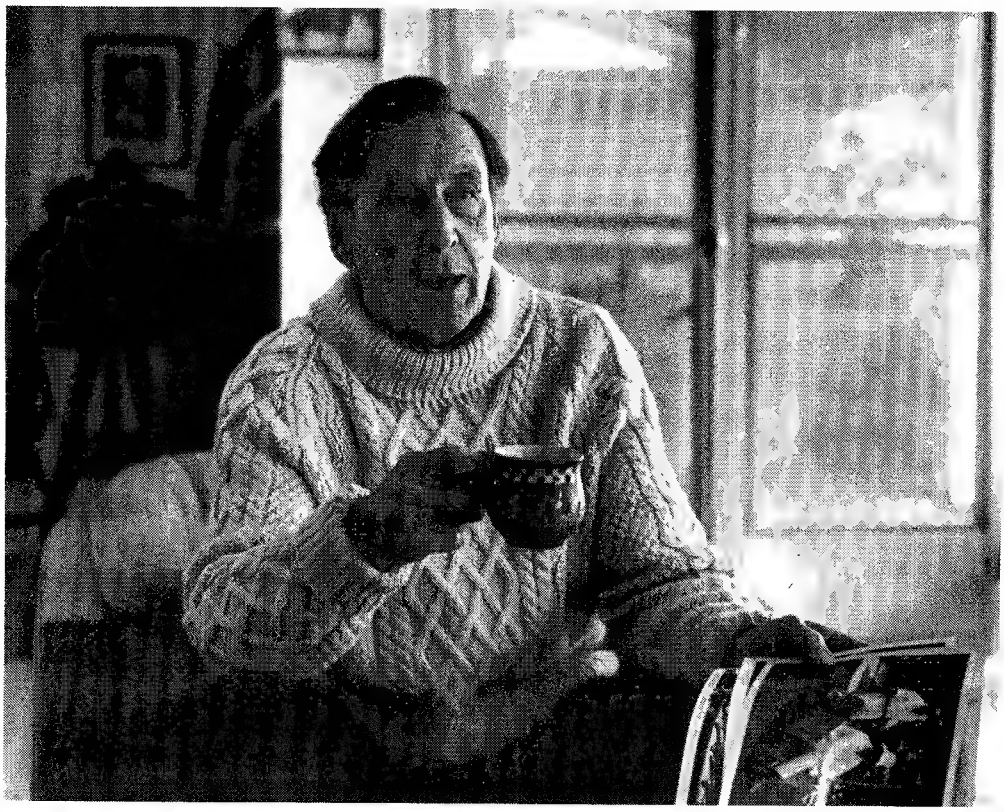

"There was a crap game every night, and I think we were making twelve or thirteen dollars each. So in the crap games, Jack (Moore) and I doubled up . . . we won enough money to buy a rabbit fur coat for his wife and I got a ticket back to San Francisco and went home for Christmas."

GEORGE O'BRIEN

and somehow she managed to get some biscuit dough so she could bake George's birthday cake.

"With all this, I became very responsible at a young age. As a matter of fact, I think it made me a very serious kid for a long time. I wasn't as gabby then as I am now."

After the earthquake, George's father got involved in some lumber milling ventures, but was cheated of his share of the business when one of his two partners was killed in an auto wreck. The other partner eased O'Brien out of the business.

"I remember my father came home one evening and announced that he was going to take the examination for the police department. My mother said, 'Oh, Dan, no!' But he said, and I remember his words exactly: 'Margie, I won't just stay a policeman — there are other examinations for going up. But you and the boys have to eat and the boys have to be educated.' I never forgot it."

Eventually, Dan O'Brien rose to be the Chief of Police of San Francisco. He was noted for his honesty, and was well respected in the community. He acted as a mediator with the various tongs in Chinatown, and cleaned up the graft in the city license bureau. But an honest cop has his problems. For a time there was a $5,000.00 price on his head in Chinatown, and George was called upon on two occasions to take ticking packages that were delivered to the house to a barrel of water that was kept in the basement!

Growing up, George took an interest in sports in school. Summers he spent on a friend's nearby ranch, where he learned to work with cattle. When the United States entered World War I in 1917, George enlisted in the Navy.

"I had an appointment to West Point," O'Brien recalls, "but I chose the Navy. At that time I was thinking of becoming a doctor. It never occurred to me to have a military career at the time." In the Navy, George developed his interest in boxing and became light-heavyweight champ of the Pacific Fleet. When he left the Navy, he thought of boxing professionally, and Jack Kearns, who handled Dempsey and Mickey Walker wanted to handle him. But his mother begged him not to turn pro. "I was 19 years old — lots of bone and muscle. She said: 'Don't do that. Box amateur, dear.' Poor dear soul, didn't know probably you could get just as much of a beating up amateur if they didn't stop it in time."

In 1919, Dan O'Brien organized a rodeo to benefit the Red Cross, and he invited his friend Tom Mix to make an appearance. Dan O'Brien had known Tom when he was a deputy Marshal — and bartender in Nevada. They were about the same age, and became fast friends. Young George rode with the mounted police in the rodeo the day Tom Mix appeared, and his father introduced him to the famed Western star.

"He asked me what I was doing, and I told him I was a student.

"'Student of what?'

"Well, I want to be a doctor.

"'Oh,' Tom said, 'you've got a long way ahead of you.'

"So when they had to get lined up for whatever they were doing, and as Tom left he said: 'Well, if you ever want a job and you're down in Hollywood, come see me.'

"I went back to school, and I got a lot of publicity playing football, having come out of the Navy. Well, I carried the ball on the first play, and they carried me off the field. The other eleven just waited: Who's this O'Brien? Boom! They gave it to me. I stopped a beauty of a boot right across the nose, and another in the knee. So while I'm in the hospital I had some time to think. I said to myself: here I am, my father will be borrowing the money to send me to school. I think what I'd better do is get myself organized first. I'm thinking too much about athletics. I'm dreaming — looking out the window — because in those days there wasn't any kind of money in any sport but boxing. So I

George O'Brien as a movie cowboy

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"The Iron Horse" — Madge Bellamy is beside O'Brien in this 1924 flick.

the crap games, Jack and I doubled up. When I was rolling, he backed me — and when he was rolling, I backed him — and we won enough money for him to buy a rabbit fur coat for his wife, and I got enough for a day car ticket back to San Francisco and I went home for Christmas.

"My brother and I were completely different. When I came home, he caught me having a cup of coffee, and he gave me a lecture. He was a first year student in law school, and very stable. He said: 'You know what I think you ought to do? Come home, get a job, settle down and get married and become a worthy citizen.' And I said: 'Get Married? Get a Job? Why work would kill me.' Anyway, that was the difference."

While O'Brien was in San Francisco, he met Hobart Bosworth, who was on location making THE SEA LION. He got work as a day extra. Then George Melford came up to San Francisco to shoot location scenes for the Rudolph Valentino picture, MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY (Paramount: 1921).

"They needed somebody to jump off a yardarm, which I used to do for

Continued on page 64

packed my bag and went to Hollywood."

When George got to the Fox studios in Hollywood he was told that Tom Mix was on location in Oklahoma — but in those days they needed people in the picture business, and he was put to work as an assistant cameraman with the Buck Jones unit. He joined the Mix company when Tom returned to the studio.

He stayed with Mix for a little over a year, and then went to join Art Acord for a picture in Mexico.

"Unfortunately, the thing in Mexico never came off. A couple of American boys got the company in a jam, and they threw the whole company in the pokey — took the film, and took everything else. So Jack Moore, a cowboy friend, told me about a job he had, so we got on a train and came back up here and got a job as wranglers with a picture company.

"There was a crap game every night, and I think we were making twelve or thirteen dollars each. So in

"I worked extra, did stunts and tested for everything."

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DETECTING TREASURE

DALLAS COWBOY, BOB LILLY, JOINS THE SEARCH USING ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT

Photos supplied by Author

Bob Lilly

by William Mahan

I received an anonymous phone call and the fellow would not give his name said just call me Joe. He reported that two weeks previous he had followed up some leads of a story published in one of the treasure magazines. (He wouldn't even tell me the name of the publication.) The story had to do with several Spanish gold bars all buried around a general location in Southwest Texas. He said that he spent several days searching in the area given and had found two of the bars. One of the bars measured 5-7/16 x 1-9/16 x 1-3/8 and had a stamped date of 1731 on it and weighed 42 troy oz. This one had been weighed on a laboratory scale. The other measured 8 x 3¼ x 2-1/32" and weighed approximately 24 pounds on his bathroom scales. He said that as he had found it with his D-Tex "PROFESSIONAL" he thought some pictures of the bars would be worth something to me to use in advertising. (The author, Bill Mahan, is a detector manufacturer.)

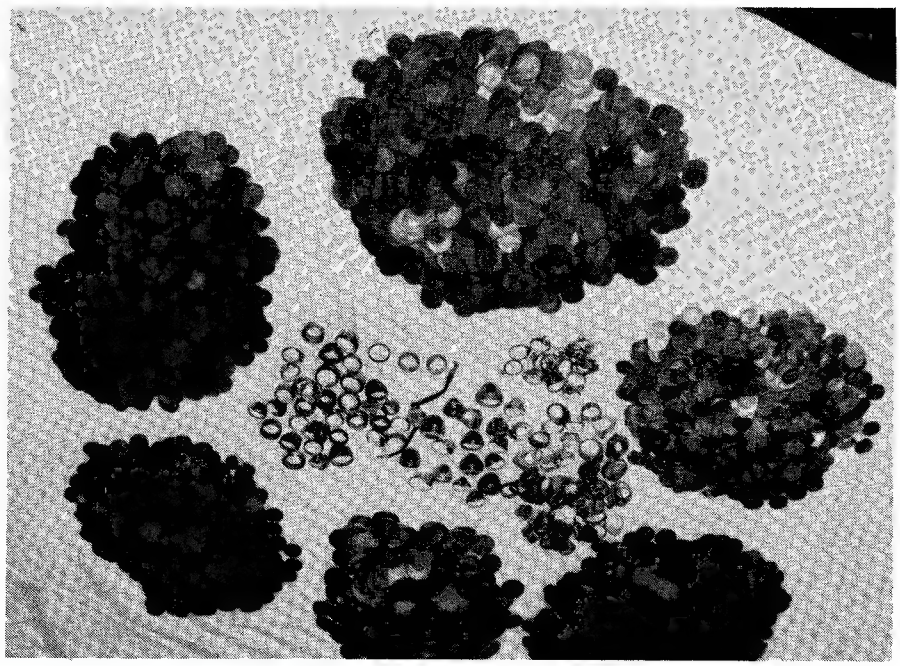
I told him that it would but I would have to also use a picture of him with the bars and his name and address and also would have to have an assay on the bars to prove they were gold. At this proposition he backed out and said that if he changed his mind he would let me know.

Then there are countless Coinshooters that send us pictures of their finds that we receive almost daily but are afraid to use their name — afraid of being robbed.

Recently we all had a pleasant surprise when Bob Lilly of the Dallas Cowboys came in and said he wanted to become a treasure hunter and after considerable research had decided upon D-TEX as the detector he wanted.

After some talk and discussion he said that he would like very much to go on some hunts with Bill Jr. and I as relics and artifacts were his primary interests. This has been several months ago, and since then we have become very good friends and he goes with me on all of my hunts. As it turned out he is a natural and fantastic with his finds plus being fast. Now he operates his D-Tex as though he had been at it for years. We built him a special D-Tex "Rebel" that would fit his size. After all it's sure nice to have a hunting partner that stands over 6'6" and weighs 265 lbs.

In reviewing a few of my chosen hunting areas it is easy to see that the relics and artifacts are also my specialty. I have hunted the Eastern States on the Civil War battle fields and campsites . . . plus some of the old forts. Many of the old forts of the Western States and the Civil War battle sites in New Mexico at the location of the battle of Glorietta Pass. I have



Coins and Jewelry found with a D-Tex "Coinshooter" detector.

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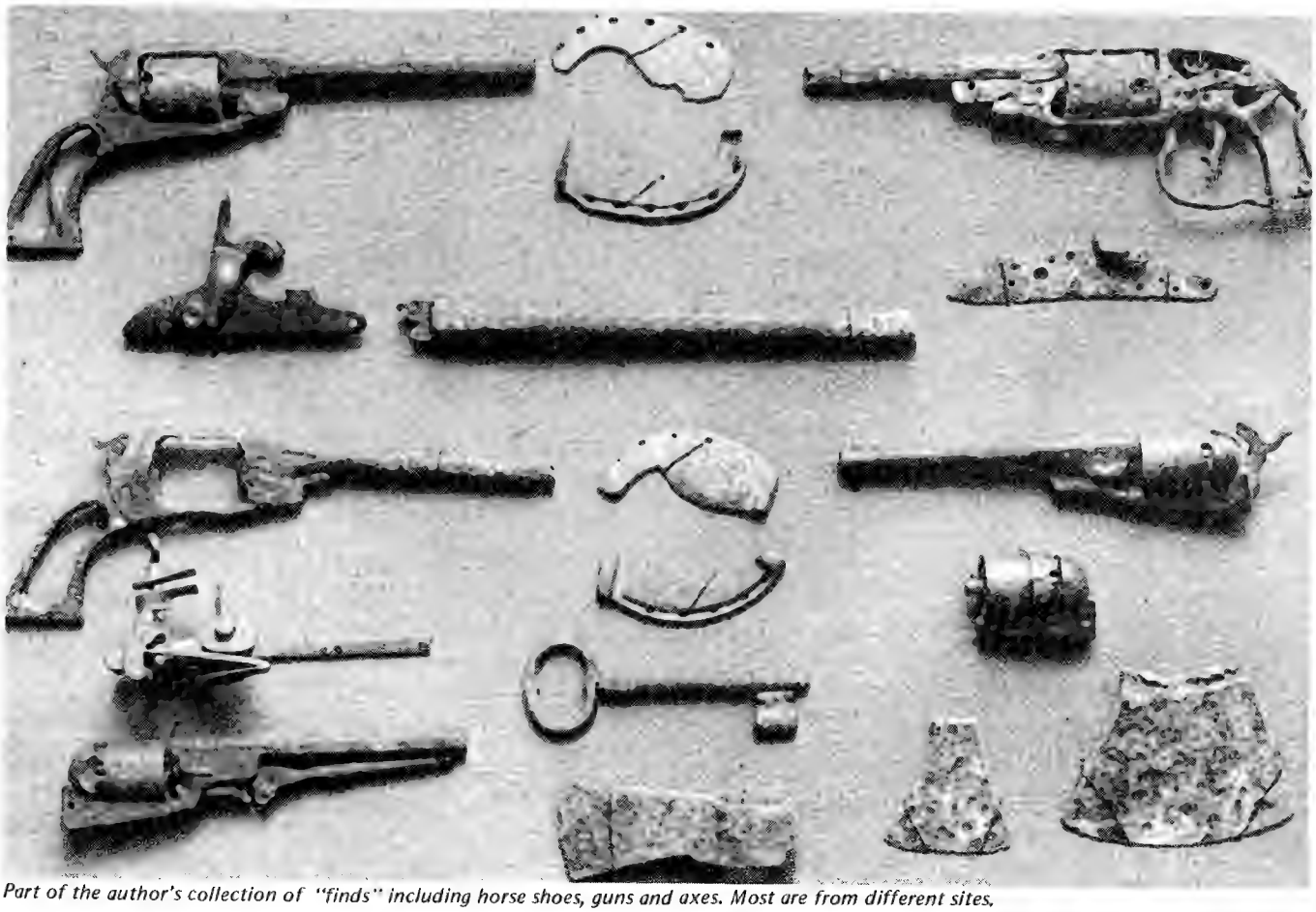
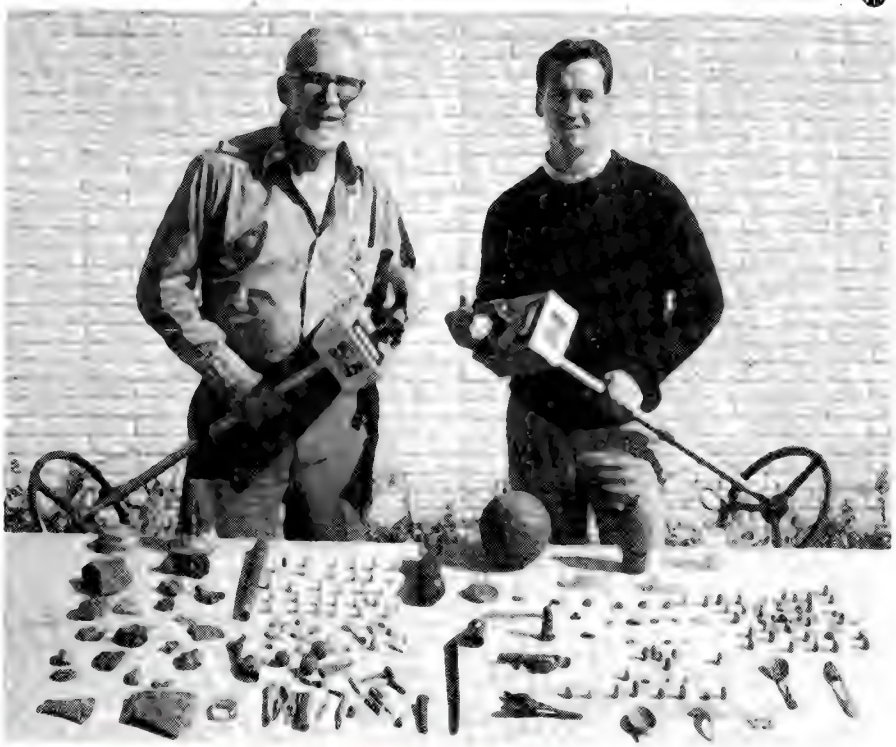


Part of the author's collection of "finds" including horse shoes, guns and axes. Most are from different sites.

followed the old Santa Fe Trail for miles and camped at many of the old campsites. I have also followed many miles of the old Butterfield trail and have traced out and found the remains of the old stage coach stations. If you dug out all my boxes of loot you would find many old coins, stacks of old rusty guns, boxes filled with old military artifacts such as buttons, buckles, guns, cannon balls and all the assorted junk that was either thrown away as junk (which is today's treasure) or items lost in the many camp areas.

Altogether relic hunting, (I call it "relicking") is very satisfying and interesting.

True, you won't make a fortune out of junk but look at the fun you can have. Of course, this also has its danger side. You can get ticks, lice, fleas, spider or scorpion bites or worse yet, you can get snake bit. I usually carry a 38 special loaded with rate shot for the snakes and if stretched out end to end I imagine I have killed a mile of them. So if you do start relic hunting be sure and go well prepared. It is best to have a hunting partner especially in case of an accident but also be sure to take a first class first aid kit with snake bite kit included (I always carry 2) and I also wear knee high snake leggings and never put my hands into places I can't see. Use a stick to move rocks and brush and you can surprise more snakes this way before they can surprise you. Being well prepared and extra careful could easily be the different between life and death, and we at D-TEX like live treasure hunters a lot more than the dead ones.



Author Mahan and Bob Shelton with loot found on a trip to Civil War battle sites in the state of Mississippi.

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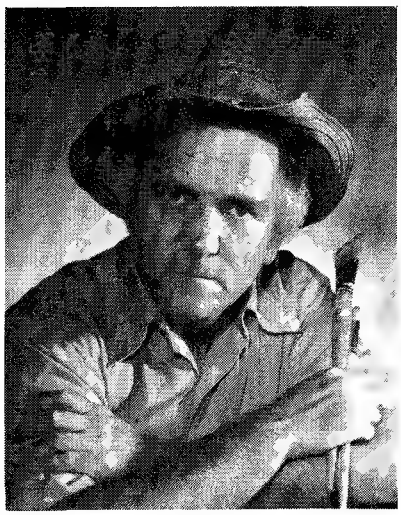
WESTERNER'S FEATURED ARTIST

The WESTERN PAINTING OF ROY HAMPTON



Western artist Roy Hampton

The artist now spends eight to ten months a year traveling with Ann, his wife. Roy travels thousands of miles from California to Arizona, Nevada, Wyoming, Montana and Canada gathering research for his paintings.

Roy and Ann live with the various American Indian tribes and spend time on ranches where cowboys are still active. "Many times we are actually taken back in time to the old days and have been the only white people at some of the strict Indian ceremonies," comments Roy.

"Even as a boy drawing was fun as well as meaningful for me. In grammar school kids would offer me their lunch money for my drawings." In Junior High Roy illustrated for the yearbook and did a weekly comic strip (Flash Gordon style).

"Ever since my G.I. bill training at Walt Disney studios I wanted to be a full-time artist, but felt that three children and a sweet little wife to support kept me from it. My real problem," says Roy, "was the fear to start. It took me over twenty years to do it and a near fatal auto accident made me realize that so-called security and money were not the answer to being happy and content."

Very shortly after going into art Roy was fortunate to meet the renowned Normal Rockwell and spend a little time with him. Later in his art career the artist did a portrait of Walter Brennan. He remembers with fond memories when Walter took him into his private study to show him something. "Walter had said in his gravel voice, "see Roy, your portrait is hanging right next to the great Norman Rockwell portrait of me."

"I really felt fantastic," Roy says. "Two of my heros — the all time great Western actor and the one and only Normal Rockwell — a part of my

"Left Hand Gun"

As we go to press, we've received word that Roy Hamptom has just won a gold and bronze medal at the George Phippen Art Show in Prescott, Arizona.

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"Somebody Loves Me"

career as a Western artist."

Recently one of Roy's drawings went to the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, D.C. The drawing was appropriately that of a handsome, proud American Indian.

Artist Roy Hampton — a Westerner by choice as well as by birth.

Roy Hampton's art may be seen at the following galleries: Troys Cowboy Art Gallery, Scottsdale, Arizona; El Prado Gallery, Sedona, Arizona; Wollheim's Rosequist Galleries, Tucson, Arizona; Savage Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico; The Garden Gallery, North Hollywood, California.

"Spirit of the Eagle" (Gold medal winner — Phippen Memorial Show)

"Good Medicine Hat"

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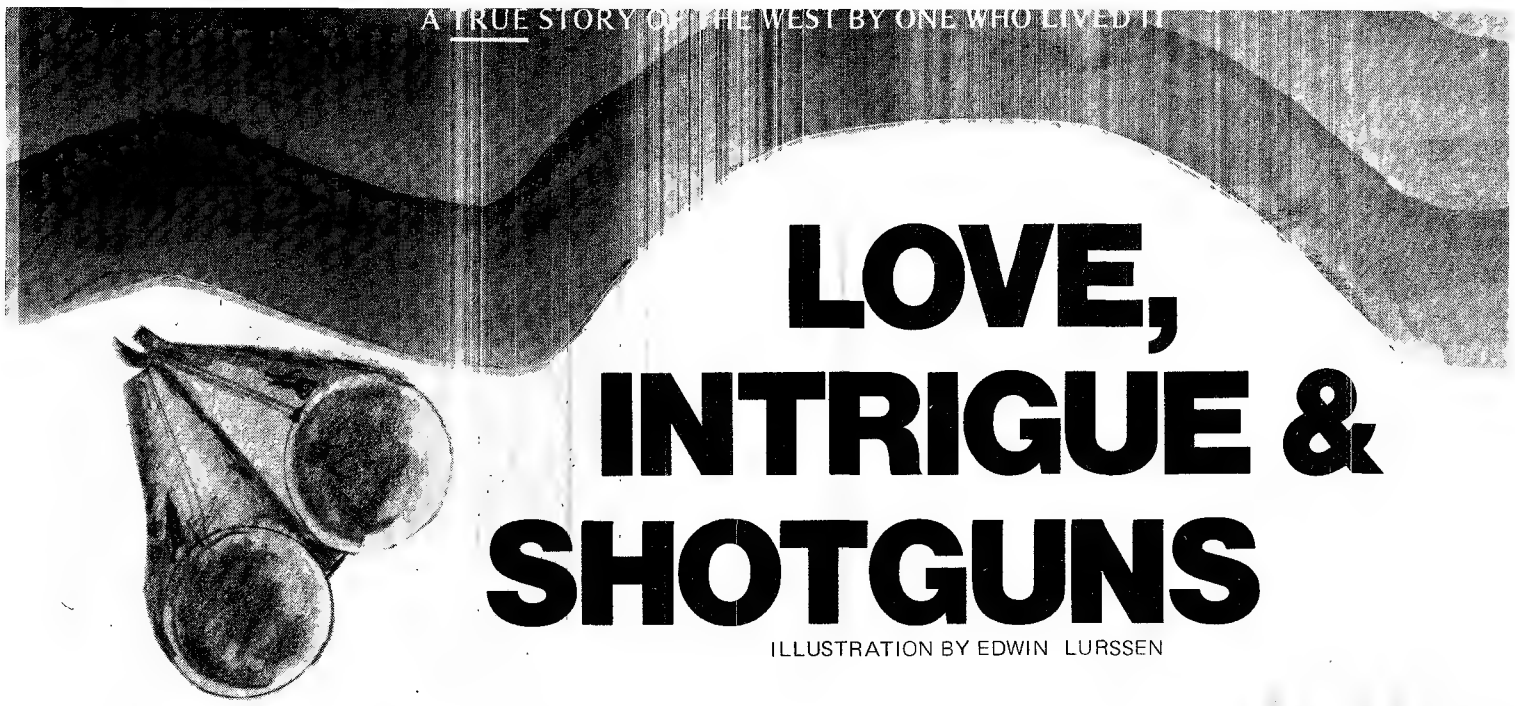
A TRUE STORY OF THE WEST BY ONE WHO LIVED IT



LOVE, INTRIGUE & SHOTGUNS

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWIN LURSSEN

by Cal Edgar

Even before and after Tom Horn hired out to ambush innocent folks Wyoming was noted for "Dry-Gulch" killings and zany people; but Owl Creek, in the Big Horn Basin, had the ultimate in a pair of weird characters. Old Man Heiden was one and Chauncy Typher the other.

If anyone knew Heiden's given name they never used it. Folks meeting him simply said, "Hi, Heiden." Otherwise he was always referred to as "Old Man Heiden."

From his accent and the way he mangled the King's English we supposed he was Dutch. He was short, square-headed and had side whiskers that flared out like something in a drunk's hallucinations.

He had a son, Rhudang, and a sixteen year old daughter, Margaret, and since Rhudang was a bronc riding cowboy and seldom showed up along Owl Creek it was up to Margaret to dig in and help with the ranch work besides breaking any horses that required breaking. And when the Old Man said "Marg, (a hard G) go trow de team over de fence mit some hay," Marg better not hesitate or she was apt to get a neckyoke or club bounced off her noggin. Heiden was fiery tempered and when he gave an order he expected action.

I was breaking horses for Charlie Blonde (pronounced Blon-dee) whose ranch lay over a low hill that separated the South and Middle Fork of Owl Creek. Heiden, whose ranch lay on "Middle Fork," and Blonde had been at dagger points over ownership of a Maverick calf and one day as Blonde and I came on Heiden and Marg working on their fence the fireworks immediately started.

As the argument grew hotter Heiden swung a shovel as if he was using a flail and whanged Blonde on his left leg, which had been broken a few months before. Then, as Blonde was bent over the saddle horn in pain a second swipe of the shovel near chopped his ear off. Margaret was screaming and trying to wrest the shovel from the Old Man as Blonde yanked his six-shooter from its holster. Heiden then began dancing around yelling "Blonde, Blonde, vi you no climb down oon fight me fair mit a shovel?" I had expected a killing but instead Blonde holstered his .45 and rode away cussing. Heiden's screamed and garbled invitation had no doubt

Continued on page 66

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PHOTOS FROM THE S. LINDMAN COLLECTION

Sergeant McKee

AT WAR with SERGEANT McKEE

by Sam Ripple

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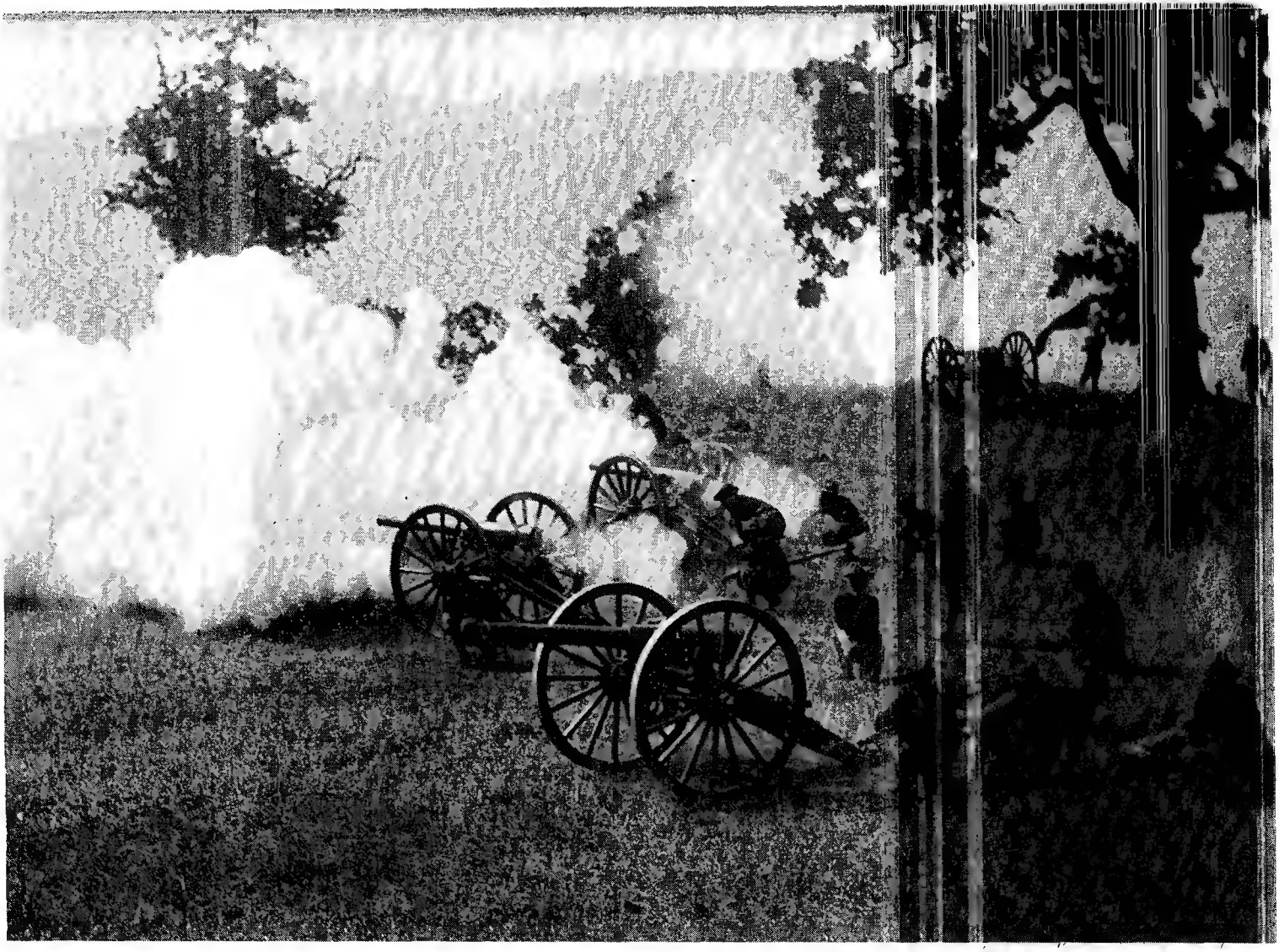

The artillery pieces practice firing at Camp Atascadero — one man was killed and one deafened during this drill.

A PRIVATE IN 1898 LEARNED MORE THAN JUST MARCHING AND SHOOTING IN THE YANKEE ARMY

It was in 1897 that Sergeant McKee and his troops trained for what were to become battles in Cuba. The training field was Atascadero, California where, the army reasoned, the hot climate (110 degrees in summer) would not be unlike the climate of Cuba. But they were gravely wrong in one calculation. Atascadero was hot but it was dry. Cuba was hot, but wet. When Sergeant McKee's men reached their destination, many weakened and died of yellow fever; others, however, survived to fight bravely. What follows are excerpts written by several different soldiers and eventually sent home in the form of a common diary.

Private J.W. Beel — Atascadero, Calif.

Sergeant McKee's grandfather, a slave owner in Missouri, was a Southern sympathizer and afterward a Southern soldier. He was one of Shelby's men, and was wounded in a skirmish. He was popular in the Army, and unlike most men, he always had plenty of money. After he was wounded he employed a nurse and insisted upon following his men until Shelby positively forbade it. Then his son was sent for, and he undertook to take his father home. The State swarmed with soldiers of both armies. The journey to the home of the wounded man in Calloway County was tedious. The father and son and nurse were halted a few hours before the journey was finished. The wounded man declined a summons to surrender and several shots were exchanged. The excitement caused the death of the wounded man. The man in command of the Union cavalry permitted the son to take the dead body home. The wife of the Southern soldier did not know his fate until she saw his body on an improvised stretcher, being carried up the lane leading to her house. The shock killed her. The daughter of the house, two years the senior of her brother, lost her reason at the dual burial, and in less than a year she died.

The son and brother gave the remaining slaves their freedom, and as soon as he could he joined Shelby, who was then in Texas. The South was whipped then. But a few skirmishes were fought, and in every one of them that boy acted like a fiend. Afterwards he found a young Southern girl alone and married her and they had a son, our present Sergeant McKee.

Once and only once, the father went to his old house. He found it destroyed. The ruins were overgrown, and he employed a stranger to show him the graves of his father, mother and sister. The property had been confiscated and later sold for unpaid taxes. The father of our sergeant McKee said he did not want to regain the homestead, even if he could. He spoke an oath which few men, I reckon, ever spoke in this country. In

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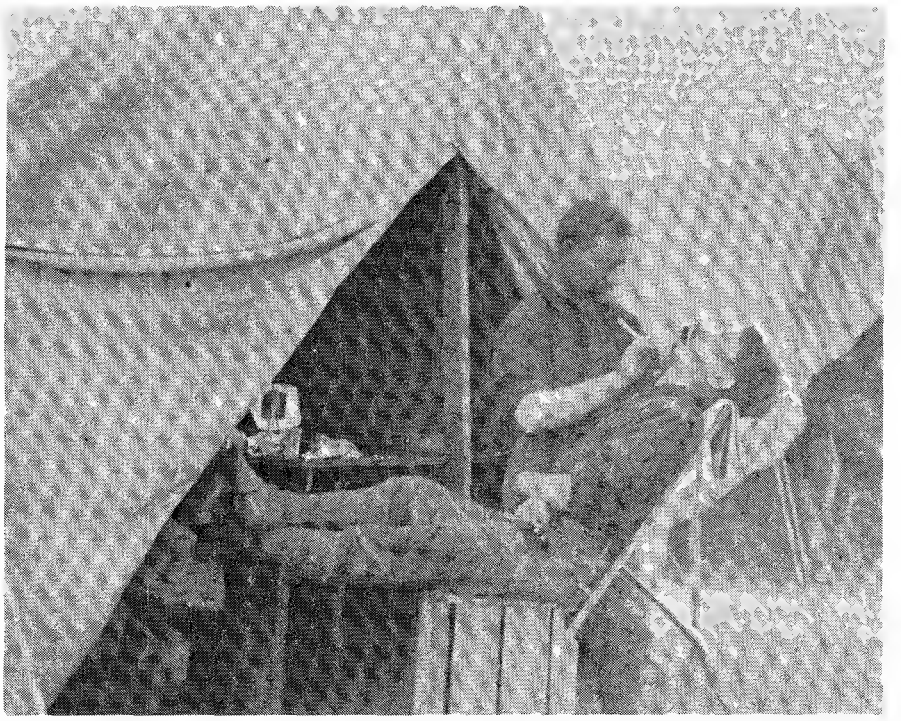
the hearing of a lawyer, he son related to me, he raised his right hand and said:

"I don't want to own anything in such a -------- country as this."

He then went away, deserted both his wife and his son. Nothing has been heard from him to this day. But our Sergeant McKee carries the burden of that oath on his shoulders and every day he seems to set out to prove it wrong.

Private Archibald Cornish — Ponce, Cuba.

When the fever came to Ponce, Sergeant McKee and most of the others left. The surrounding territory, the hospital service proved entirely inadequate to cope with the increasing number of cases. The administration seemed unable to keep up with the demand, the conditions for some days were of the most miserable description. What hospitals there were quickly became overcrowded, and then, men burning with fever, were allowed to lie out in the grass, having only one woolen blanket for a covering. The damp grass, saturated with the heavy rains of the tropical wet season, was the most impossible place for the sick. The death-rate slowly rose, but the heads of the medical department kept claiming that everything was all right and that the sickness did not amount to very much. Medical supplies were either very scarce or the conduct of the hospitals very poor, because I know of cases where no medicine or food was given for over twenty-four hours at a stretch. The natural robustness of the American soldier, however, helped the majority to survive in spite of the lack of care.

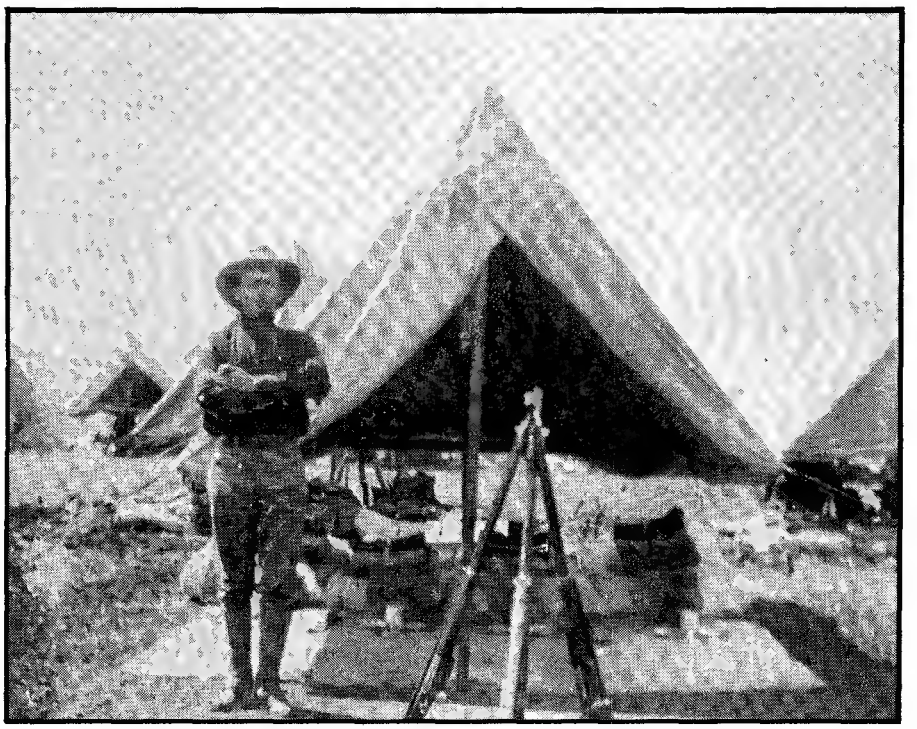


"In camp we shaved one another."

And yet the survival was but a sorry one. Shattered by the ravages of the fever, weak in body and mind from the lack of nourishment and proper attention, lying in a climate that proved to have absolutely no recuperative properties for unacclimated people, these men dropped day after day. Those who in the beginning had been great, splendid specimens of the best of our American youth, who had been good to look upon in the fulness of their health and robustness, were not but pitiable wrecks scarcely able to raise trembling hands to their wan faces. The one cry, weak and wailing as it came to me day after day, was to send them home. Finally came the good news that a ship was to carry convalescents back to the States. At once came a wonderful brightening of faces, a stiffening up of limp forms, as the poor devils crawled about the hospital cantonments.

The great day arrived when the convalescents were to be taken away, and then came the announcement that only those who could walk and who were well on the road to recovery could go abroad ship. The poor fellows whom the fever had left so weak that they could not raise their emaciated frames from the cots, when they were so fortunate as to occupy such an article, rolled over and buried their faces in their arms, heartbroken. Hope had fled and fever came back. The others who were able to walk, and who were selected to be sent home, tried to tread with old-time bouyant step, but which ended in a weak shamble. Down to the beach they were carted in ambulances, army wagons and any kind of conveyances that could be gathered.

Large lighters rose and fell in the



"In Camp Atascadero our tents were neat - our guns clean and ready."

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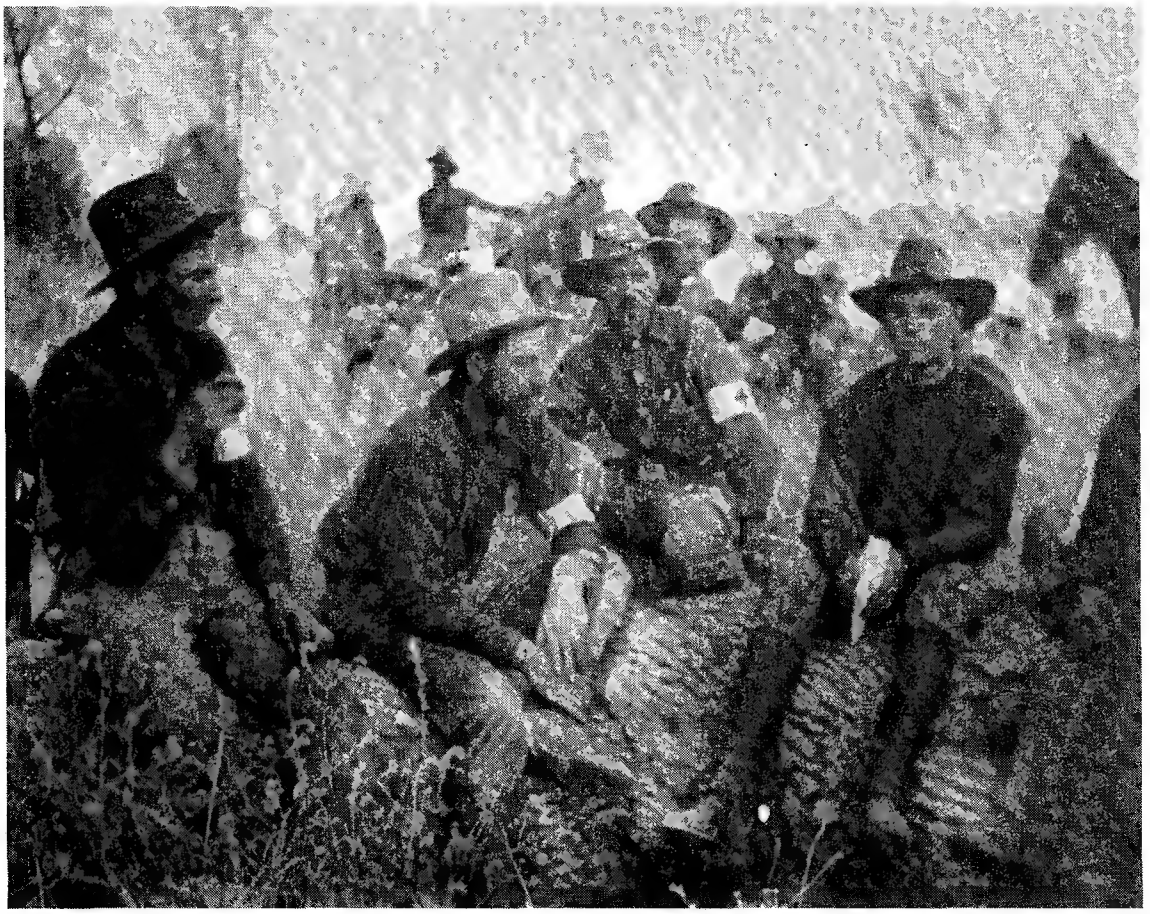

The Red Cross men try to comfort those who have contracted Yellow Fever and are to be sent to the rear.

gentle surf, willing hands helped the poor fellows scramble aboard, and puffy little steam launches towed them out to the transports. And then came another setback. Many of the invalids had exhausted their poor little strength in the flitting from hospital to shore, and when alongside the big ship, which breathed of fresh ocean breezes and of home, they were lying upon the bottom of the boats unable to rise. A lynx-eyed surgeon scanned everyone, and then gave out the order that those unable to walk on board must go back, as the transports were only for convalescents, who could care for themselves, there being no hospital facilities on board for sickmen. No more pitiful sight could be imagined when those poor devils were turned away from what, to them, meant life. Dejection of the deepest type followed. The puffy little launches towed them back to the shore, and the three volleys in the graveyards became more frequent.

Private John G. Winter, Jr. — the outskirts of Santiago, Cuba.

It is of an ever memorable experience that I write, one which the whole nation felt much interest in, but to me it is one specially to be remembered for reasons I will presently give.

Our march toward Santiago was by regiment in line of battle; F troop, which was on the extreme left, took position on the brow of a low hill. Except for the troops next to F, I soon lost track of the movements of the other men. Then came the most unique experience of my life, and one I shall never forget; both lines opened fire, and Mauser bullets began to whistle around our heads. The Spaniards were on a hill and in a sunken road immediately opposite to us and in a position of no disadvantage. They had several machine-guns, which were quickly put in action, and then the men began to drop. You have never been under the fire of a gun shooting 300 times a minute; this is one of the first battles in civilized warfare in which it has been used. When the bullets strike the ground they all appear to do so at once, and as if they were strung out in a row. One man in my squad was struck in three places simultaneously. It would be difficult — almost impossible — for me to describe clearly my feelings during the first part of the engagement. I felt very much as if I was shooting doves, and held my carbine in the same position, advancing slowly, excited, and impatient for Sergeant McKee to order "Fire at will." For the first half-hour I loaded, aimed and shot as fast as my hands and eyes could work, but after a while the first excitement of the fight passed off, and I worked more calmly and methodically. I cannot say whether or not my shots had any effect, but for the most part I directed my fire toward a kind of blockhouse in which there were a large number of Spaniards. At one stage of the fight the enemy made a movement toward our right, and the troops on the left, considerably scattered, were ordered to march "by the right flank, double time." It was not until this moment that I realized the horror of war. There was a man named Irvine in our troop with whom I had been thrown a good deal. We had become as close friends as an acquaintanceship of several weeks could make us, and we had been fighting together a good deal. In executing the order just mentioned he was a little in front of me and to one

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side, both of us running; there were a number of dead around, and several wounded that had not been taken to the rear, and the sight of them stirred me greatly; but as I looked at the man in front of me the breath left my body for the moment as the whole top of his head flew up in the air, his skull blown to atoms by an explosive bullet. He fell heavily with a thud, and I ran on past his body, but I knew at last the meaning of the phrase, "The art of war." He was the only man that I saw killed; it was but a short time before the enemy were run out of their position, retreating toward Santiago.

Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook — Santiago, Cuba.

Next to the Cathedral, the most prominent building in Santiago is the hospital. It occupies the crest of the hill on which the city stands, and from the harbor its red cross flag seems to wave in the midst of a tropical garden.

On my first visit, while going into the place with the Sisters of Charity who had come from America to nurse the sick, we had just passed out of one of the male wards when we heard someone calling behind us: "Americano, Americano!" One of the Cuban nurses stood at the ward door waving his hands frantically, pointing backward and shouting Spanish. "There is an American man sick in here," explained Mr. Astwood, our interpreter. We turned back. A handsome lad lay upon a cot with

"Having landed we had to put up bridges across the morass double fast."

both arms outstretched toward us, his face radiant for the moment amidst his pains at the welcome greeting of our English tongue. He clasped my hands convulsively.

"What is the matter?"

Nothing but "yaller janders."

He would be all right if he head did not hurt so. His name was Sergeant McKee of Missouri, and he was from some Seventh United States Regulars. His mind began to wander. The pain became so severe that he rolled upon his cot, then sat up upon it.

"Let us pray!" I kneeled at his bedside, and holding his hand, commended him, body and soul, to God. The soothing influence of the devotions stilled the distracted nerves. He was quiet while I prayed. It was a striking scene. The good Sisters joined in the prayer, reverently bowing, the tall form of Mr. Astwood bending in their midst. The hospital nurses looked on with subdued mien. The sick from their surrounding cots turned to gaze at us, their wan, pallid faces lit up by a moment's curiosity.

I left the lad with the apostolic benediction on his brow and turned away.

"It is our only case of yellow fever," said the Spanish Sister Superior. "He will surely die; he is in the last stage."

"Did you say yellow fever," I asked.

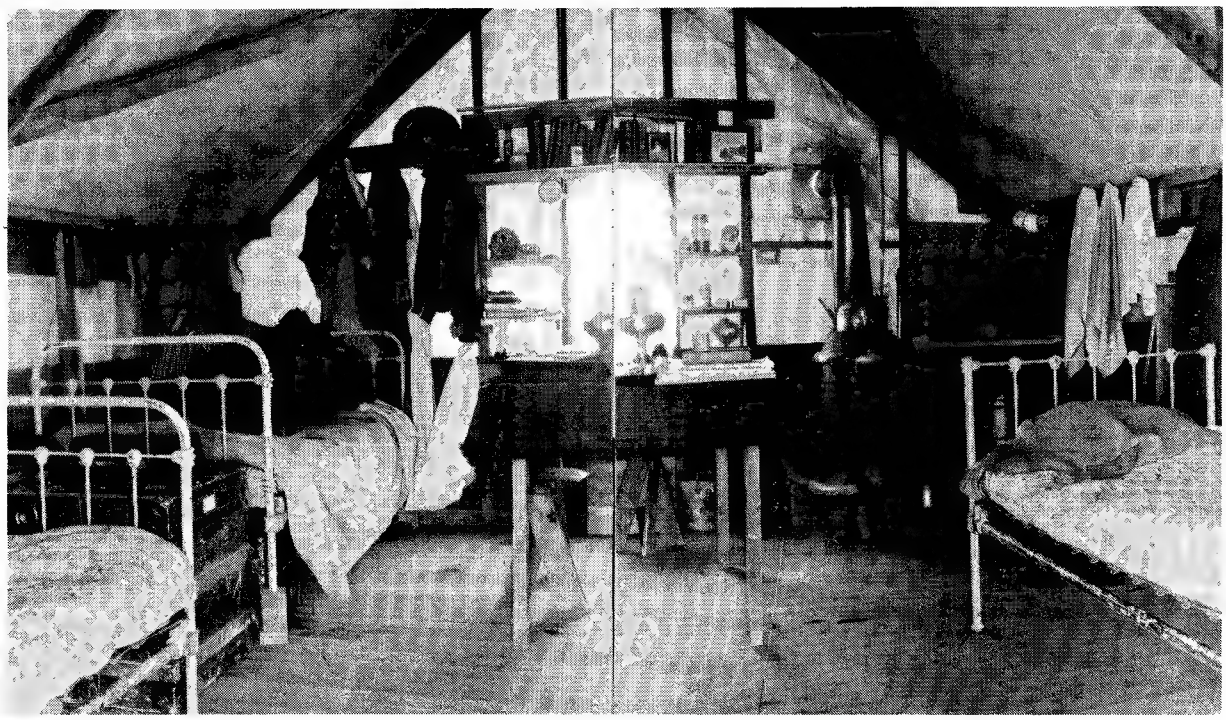
"Yes," just a little startled, perhaps, said our American Sister Mary, "I could tell it by the eyes."

"And by the odor!" added Sister Apollonia.

"And my good doctor," said Sister Regis, running up to me, "you have been exposed to the infection! You held his hands. You took his breath. But do not fear. It was an act of charity and our Heavenly Father will surely care for you."

Nevertheless, the kind lady whipped out of some mysterious receptacle about her dress, a bottle of some disinfectant stuff and bidding me hold out my hands filled the palms and made me lave the skin. Like Oliver Cromwell she "trusted in God, but kept her remedies ready." Good theology and good practice.

Poor lad! He was isolated at once and three doctors "sat" upon him when he died. Two said yellow fever, one said malignant malarial. All the same, his campaign in Cuba is ended, and let us hope, his spirit rests in peace.



The medical facilities once they landed were primitive. Most did not have beds, but only blankets on grass.

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LOTS OF NONSENSE

Continued from page 7

ready! Oh! That poor man!" Crying, she hurried for blankets and that set the little girls to squawling. I had the pots shoved back over the stove's water heater and was answering a few calls when I heard a crash and ran to the door. Bill Yates' new Franklin was halfway through the picket fence and cowboys were running as I joined them.

"Bet that's the fastest this sunovabitch ever made that two miles!" Bill Hammond said. "I got 'er started but didn't know how the hell to stop 'er. Git th' man ready while I put on the chains. Snow'll be deep on the Carlin summit."

"Never mind the chains," Dan said. "We ain't goin' no place. I done got Billy's leg all in workin' order."

"Well I'll be damned if this ain't somethin'!" Hammond said when Dan explained the situation.

Helen came in the kitchen dragging an armful of blankets just as Dan and the rest of us entered. "What the hell's all the blankets for?" Dan asked.

"To put around that poor — poor man with — with the broken leg," Helen blubbered.

"Why, hell's fire, Honey," Dan said, "he's O.K. Show her your leg, Billy." The freckle-faced rider pulled up a trouser leg and showed a patched up wooden leg. "Works like new," he proudly said.

Helen collapsed in a chair with the little girls clinging to her. Then the weeping stopped short. Helen was mad. "Dan Rand, don't you ever do this to me again! You could at least have explained what the trouble was."

"Honey," Dan replied, "I guess I didn't think. But I supposed you knew Billy had a wooden leg. Doggone it, I wish you wouldn't get so upset and excited over little things."

"Little things!" Helen flared. "You've caused us to upset the whole Valley! And besides, how was I to know a total stranger had a wooden leg?" She was right. I found out very few of us knew the fellow's slight limp was anything more than a sprain or a sore toe. Before dinner was over we had Edgar Plummer, Hattie Carletti and Rodger Buffey to explain matters to. Jack Cockerell? He didn't make it. In his haste he had thrown a connecting rod through the side of his Overland's block.

Yes, that fifty-mile single wire was a handy way for ranch wives to gossip and it also served us well in emergencies. That is, some emergencies.

NAVAJO WITCH

Continued from page 15

and seeing that he was apparently dead, the whites turned their attention to another Indian who happened to be nearby. Then miraculously, despite being shot in the head, Supernatural Power revived and made good his escape.

When Indian agent Shelton began a campaign to get the Navajo to put their children in school and to dip their sheep, he and Supernatural Power were on a collision course, for the medicine man was dead set against both actions. Around this same time, Supernatural Power aroused Shelton's anger by selling some of his sheep. The Indian agent had forbidden the Navajos to sell any of their young sheep, claiming that since the government had given them the bucks and ewes that started their herds, then he, as Indian agent, had the right to tell them how to dispose of their sheep.

Supernatural Power went along with Shelton's unreasonable attitude as far as his own sheep were concerned, but the sheep that were given to him in payment for his services as a medicine man, he sold as he wished. Technically speaking, he was right, because those sheep received as payment, hadn't come from the breeding sheep that were given to Supernatural Power by the government, hence he felt that Shelton had no jurisdiction over them.

Shelton asked eight headmen of that district to see if they could talk some sense into Supernatural Power and a few days later, they rode into his camp, near McElmo wash, on the south side of the river.

Slow (Dooha'hi) did most of the talking, trying his best to show the medicine man how it would benefit the whole tribe if the children went to school and also how the agent only wanted them to save the sheep for their own good, so they could build up their herds. After all, they wouldn't have any sheep, if the government hadn't given them the bucks and ewes to start their own herds.

"They gave us the sheep to help us out," Supernatural Power said. "Not to make us become white men. Our heads and our skins are different."

Slow said "Let the other people do what they want, don't butt in."

"What have I said?" Supernatural Power protested. "I haven't said anything mean yet. I haven't done anything wrong. I haven't killed a white man or stolen their sheep or cattle." Supernatural Power continued to maintain his innocence, and the headmen left without having accomplished a single thing.

As time to dip the sheep approached, rumors flew across the reservation. "A white man up in McElmo said, 'Don't dip your sheep, the medicine will kill them.' People over by Carrizo say the medicine killed their sheep.' And so Supernatural Power refused to bring his sheep in to be dipped when the vats were set up in his area, although Shelton afterwards claimed that the medicine man's wife brought her sheep in to be dipped.

Slow was struck down by a mysterious illness and was convinced that Supernatural Power had bewitched him for siding with Shelton. On his death bed, Slow told friends that Supernatural Power had shot invisible darts into him and was killing him.

When Slow died, his friends were full of rage and demanded that Supernatural Power either be killed or banished from the reservation, because he was a witch. They couldn't understand why Shelton refused to do either one, but he had another idea in mind, that the Navajos knew nothing about.

In October of 1907, Supernatural Power was having a sing for a patient who was thought to have been bewitched, and as before, others had tried to cure him and had failed. Gazing at the stars, the medicine man said that he saw the Navajo Nakinolin, his wife and their son, all three of whom were witches. "My power is stronger than Nakinolin's," Supernatural Power porphesied. "Therefore they cannot kill this man, but will die themselves, instead."

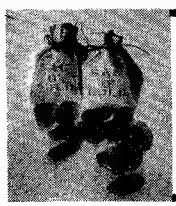
Going into the hogan, Supernatural Power began to pray over his patient. It was at this point soldiers from Fort Wingate burst into the hogan and arrested him, tossing aside his medicine pouch, so that the herbs, rattles, feathers and sacred objects were scattered underfoot.

Rushing up to help their leader, others in the camp were arrested. Shooting broke out and two Navajos were killed and one wounded. The ten arrested Indians, including Supernatural Power, were roughed up, for it was reported by several sources who saw them, as they were being moved to Shiprock, that the prisoners were "all covered with blood."

There wasn't any trial to decide what to do with Supernatural Power and his followers, only a meeting at which Shelton recommended that Supernatural Power and one other Indian be imprisoned for ten years, and the rest for two years. One old man was turned loose, because of his advanced years he was feeble enough to be harmless.

While Supernatural Power was in Fort Huachuca, Arizona, the prophecy he made the night before he was arrested came true — his patient recovered and the three witches he said would die, did indeed die in 1908.

Continued on page 52



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NAVAJO WITCH

Continued from page 51

Public opinion, stired up to a great extent by Reverend Ante of Aneth, Utah was on the side of Supernatural Power, who without so much as a trial, was sentenced to ten years at hard labor, in spite of the fact that no serious crimes had been committed by him personally. Shelton was ordered to enumerate the crimes that the medicine man was charged with and he listed the following; gambling (which was a favorite pastime among many Navajo at that time), stealing livestock (which Supernatural Power had violently denied) and lastly he was charged with bringing whiskey on the reservation (not selling whiskey mind you, but merely bringing it back to drink).

The Supreme Court of the Territory of Arizona handed down the decision that there was no basis for imprisoning Supernatural Power and the others because those who had them jailed, never had the authority to do so in the first place. At government expense, they were sent home and Supernatural Power was warned not to do any more medicine work as it would drive him crazy. (This, by the way, is true of frenzy witchcraft, which utilizes the potent plant datura, and excessive use of it can cause insanity.)

Less than two years after Supernatural Power was released from prison, he locked horns with a Navajo who was better at hurling curses than he was. Filled with anger, the medicine man said "Cream-colored Horses, you'll be struck by lightning. I have mastered witchcraft — according to this witchcraft, you're going to be struck by lightning."

In turn, Cream-colored Horses hurled back, "You aren't in command of lightning. You, Supernatural Power, are going to be swallowed by a big snake and I place the San Juan River as the big snake. (Indeed, the San Juan River was symbolic of the snake, to old time Navajos).

Supernatural Power died in the spring of 1911, in the San Juan River, just as Cream-colored Horses had predicted. He was crossing the river when it was high, his boat filled with water and sank. The old medicine man was weighted down with pistol and cartridge belt and they dragged him straight down to the depths of the river. He never had a chance to save himself.

A number of Navajos, who lived in the area, were filled with superstitious fear by the death of Supernatural Power and they moved further south. The Navajo fear the dead anyway, vacate hogan where a death has occurred, and it was a common belief that a witch comes back to roam the earth after his death, continuing to do his evil work.

VICTORIO'S GOLD CAVE

Continued from page 19

these people almost virtually lived in the Stone Age. They may have known nothing of mining, but Father La Rue evidently did.

When the ore had been dug they found it easier to transport it, doubtless by burro loads, to the sources of wood and water than the rivers. In a hole hollowed out of soft stone and called an arastre, usually sandstone they placed the ore. Then they put a large stone, preferably of hard rock in this, tied a pole to it with rawhide ropes, and used the pole as a propeller for turning the heavy stone around and around until the ore was crushed to fine particles.

In the cave which Doc Noss later found he discovered a metal kettle which he thought they used for purging the metal. And as they had devised their own arrastres (grinding devices) they also had to make little canals for pouring the molten ore. These they contrived by constructing small narrow ditches in the soil, which they lined with clay, and into them they poured the liquid ore. Contrary to the usual conception they did not make large bars. Perhaps that idea arose from the report that Noss found "bars of gold stacked like stovewood." These bars were only a few inches long, and about an inch in width. And the product was an alloy, containing perhaps 40 to 60 percent gold and a little silver, with the rest copper. But even in the days of Doc Noss one of these bars was evaluated, with gold cheaper at the time at about three thousand dollars.

In 1937 Doc Noss began his search for the cache containing the gold bars. He and Mrs. Noss lived in Hatch, and she often accompanied her husband in his pickup. They travelled the difficult trail to the basin. There was a little adobe house in it, near the spring and it was occupied by a Mexican, Serafin, and his wife. They, too seemed to be in search of the treasure. Doc Noss and Serafin became very close friends, and Mrs. Noss believed that her husband and the Mexican shared knowledge not given her. After Noss discovered the location of the hiding place he brought out bars and occasionally sold one to help finance his operations. He was said to have found the mouth of a cave from which he descended on a rickety ladder to a landing place. From there he followed a fault in the mountain down a slanting crevice that in places was so narrow that it was difficult for a man to squeeze between the layers. This fault was plainly discernible from the exterior, and the cave in which it terminated was at least three hundred feet beneath the entrance. When Noss reached the first cave he found an entrance into a very large one. With flashlight he entered it and the first objects to confront him were the mummified bodies of people and also the skeletons of others. In all there were twenty-seven dead guarding the treasure. For treasure there was, and it was piled as legends had told, like stovewood against the walls.

There was also a chest containing some papers written in Spanish, some jewelry and a "golden image." Of what, Noss did not tell.

He found also timbered doors that he was convinced must lead to tunnels through which the treasure had been deposited. Surely it had not been taken down that slanting fissue where at times it was necessary to use knotted ropes for the descent.

Noss's problem, then, was to find the entrance to the tunnel that had led to the treasure chamber. This he and Serafin attempted to do. But first Noss did bring out through the fissure 86 bars, which he concealed and refused to tell his wife where it was buried.

Her son, Marvin Beckwith, while flying over the terrain, was killed by the plane's falling.

Financial necessity caused Noss to seek aid and a Mr. Ryan came to the rescue. Whether Noss took him as a partner or became his employee, seems uncertain, but eventually they quarreled over the situation. Mr. Ryan's story was that Noss started to his truck after the quarrel, presumably for a gun he kept in it, and that Ryan fired, not to strike but to frighten Noss. A second shot struck and killed him. Not until after the death of Noss was there much publicity given the story, but from newspapers it was learned that in the archives of the School of Mines at Socorro there was a brief account of the mine. This legend dated back to 1797.

At that time I was working among the Apaches to get accounts of their legendary and memorized history. It occurred to me that possibly the Mescaleros knew of this hidden mine and cache of gold. What I did not know was that if they did, the last thing they would do was pass their information on to any white person.

Knowing their aversion for miners and their belief that it was their digging in the earth that brought Useen's wrath in the form of earthquakes or volcanic eruptions, it has been a source of amazement to me that the Apaches did not attack and

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The GUNS That Won The West

The DIRTY DERRINGER

by Walter Rickell — Gun Editor

Photos Courtesy Of Author

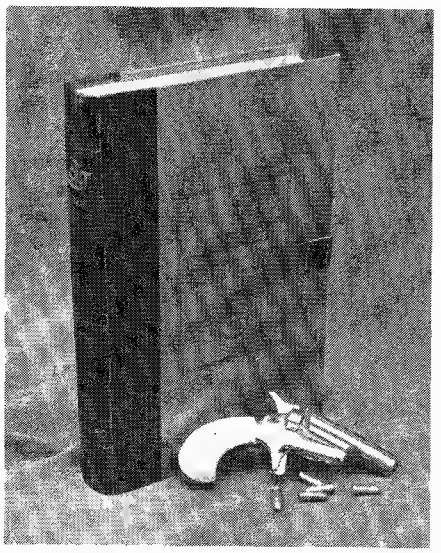
The Derringer reached the height of its popularity during the middle of the turn of the nineteenth century. The widespread desire for an inconspicuous, effective firearm for personal protection contributed to the Derringer's great popularity. The Derringer vogue spread from the southern states to the far west, where gamblers, politicans, miners, gentlemen and even ladies made it a favorite personal gun. This era of expansion in the west was a violent one, perhaps the most violent in the history of America, and protection from the law was weak or often nonexistent. Quarrels often were resolved by the pistol. One argumentative or troublesome person toting a gun caused many others to equip themselves with guns in self-defense.

Most often the Derringer served as a secondary or "concealed" gun. The first ones were of percussion design, but the switch to the cartridge type increased rapidly after 1870 until the advent of the small automatic pistol in the early 1900's caused the Derringers to lose favor.

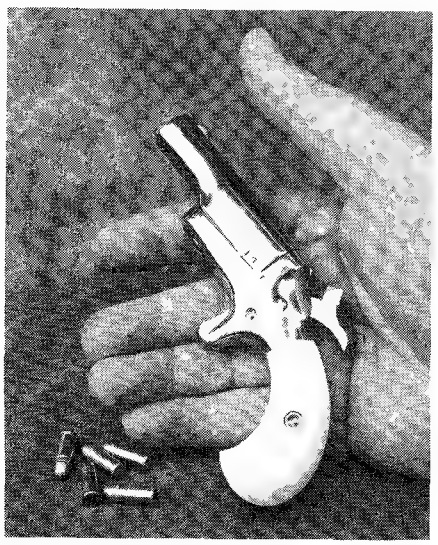
In 1872 Colt introduced a new type Derringer, the Colt-Thuer, a new design patented in 1870 by F. Alexander Thuer. This new style had a side-swinging barrel equipped with an ejector. The grip was designed in the same "bird's head" style as the old percussion Derringers. This third Derringer model used .41 caliber rim-fire cartridges and was manufactured until 1912, at which time production was discontinued.

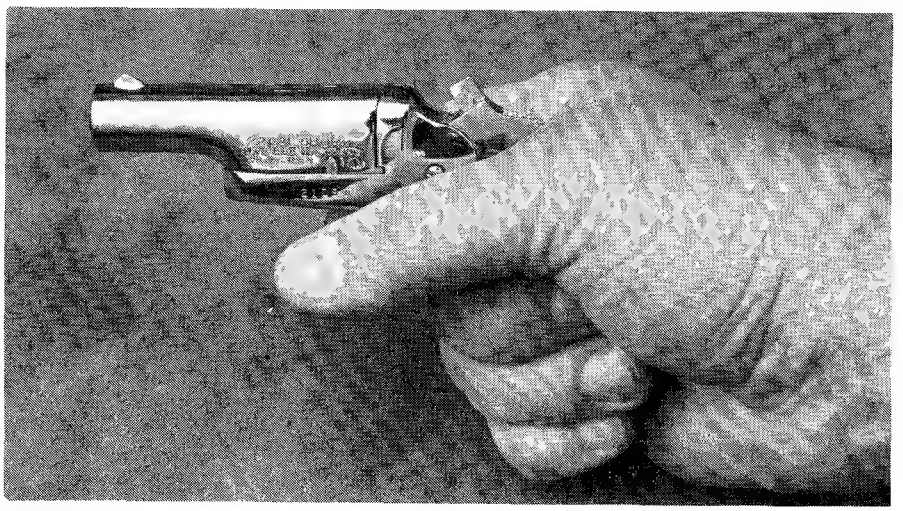
The Present Derringer is an authentic reproduction of the Colt Thuer No. 3 model, except that it is chambered for .22 rimfire caliber instead of .41 caliber for the collectors and gun enthusiasts' market. The decision to produce it in .22 caliber rather than .41 caliber rim-fire ammunition for this gun is no longer manufactured and the wide availability of inexpensive .22 caliber ammunition.

Colt just recently discontinued the manufacture of this historical little gun, making it a collector's item itself. There are several models in a number of different presentation cases. The most interesting is the Colt "A LIMITED EDITION" which on the outside looks like a book but when opened houses two deadly little Colt Thuer No. 3 Derringers.



The derringer served as a second or "concealed" gun and was as popular with the ladies as with the men. It was often considered a "dirty" weapon because it was so easy to hide and then draw without warning. The derringer shown here is a collector's edition produced by Colt. The limited edition "book" opens up to reveal two deadly Thuer No. 3 derringers.





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VICTORIO'S GOLD *from page 52*

exterminate these people.

But the dreaded attack came, and from another source. It was the custom of Father La Rue to make an occasional trip out, take men and pack animals, and purchase needed supplies. It is thought that he went sometimes to El Paso, but that if there were another place where he could trade gold bars for food, clothing, instruments for digging, etc. that he may have gone also to Socorro and possibly to Albuquerque.

Whether or not he was warned of the possiblity of attack is not known. But he did know that at any time soldiers, perhaps at the request of the church, might come for it was obligatory for those who mined gold or silver to pay part to the government. So the inevitable occurred: the secluded people were attacked, and among the first to die was Father La Rue. But because of his anticipating this, he had caused the entrance to the tunnel to be so skillfully concealed that until this day it is as yet unknown. So the attackers did not attain their objective, which was to secure the gold. However, it is thought that perhaps a few, a very few, of the settlers escaped, and it is possible that rumors handed down for generations were known to their descendants. And since the gold has been found, perhaps their reports should be called facts rather than rumors. Serafin claimed to have had information from his ancestors, but not specific information as to the location of either the entrance to the tunnel or the shaft.

It was a year or more before the publication of Mr. James' book, *The Curse of the San Andres,* that he made his brief call on me. When the book was released (1953) I bought a copy, and have since followed press accounts of occurrences.

Mr. James, himself, descended to the fissue but did not reach the cave containing the treasure. He, too, attempted on the exterior to find the concealed entrance to a tunnel leading to the cave. But Noss, unfortunately had attempted to enlarge the fissure with a charge of dynamite. Instead of aiding entrance it prevented it by precipitating dislodged rock into the tunnel.

Mr. James never met Doc Noss, but did know Mrs. Noss and she and her son, Harold, accompanied him to the home of Serafin and to the entrance to the tunnel. He, himself, descended a hundred eighty feet at the risk of his life from rickety ladders, but I believe, did not get into the cave. He did go the Museum File of the Hall of Ethnology at Socorro and examine the records. And he and Mrs. James made a trip to Chihuahua to learn what they could there about the people who had migrated to the north.

Between two and three years ago renewed interest was created by an attempt of several men, to secure permission from the Commanding Office; of the Missile range to enter the restricted territory and remove the treasure they claimed to have discovered. After the army took over the land in that area as a missile target people were forbidden to enter the area except for one day in the year. That is the annual pilgrimage to the grave of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, who some time previous to his death, asked that he be buried on Rhodes Pass, between the village of Tularose and the Rhodes ranch near a small village on the west side of the mountains. Annually, the Chamber of Commerce at Alamogordo sponsors a trip to the site of his grave, marked by a huge boulder on which is a bronze plate bearing his name, the dates of his birth and death, and as an inscription the title of his most famous book, *"Paso por Aqui."(He Passed Here).*

Accompanied by military forces with trucks and the necessary equipment for repairing cars, trucks precede and follow the caravan of cars of those who wish to attend the memorial serivces held for New Mexico's famous writer and to enjoy a bountiful basket dinner served near the grave. Many times has his son, Allen Rhodes, come from his home in the East, — "the place of God's frozen people" — made the trip to the present and visit with old friends of his famous father.

The men who have been attempting to secure permission to remove the gold they found employed a famous attorney, F. Lee Daniels, to present their claim to the government, and be given permission to operate on the missile range.

They applied also to the state of New Mexico and brought one of the famous gold bars to the governor, Jerry Apodaca. However, it seems to be the Federal government that has the power of decision. And so far that permission seems not to have been granted.

Naturally the situation has given rise to many an amazing rumor. One current in Alamogordo is to the effect that a former commanding officer at the White Sands Missile range did discover and remove to the Mexico the fabulous bars of gold. The unwillingness of the military to permit this work by the men who claim to have found the gold is attributed to their knowing that it is no longer there. Various other rumors are afloat, but again — they are only rumors.

LAWMAN'S LOOT

Continued from page 24

Tombstone Jail by turning State's evidence? And why else would he have risked hisown neck two nights later to crash that jail; shoot the jailer, and free only Alvord, leaving the rest to pay the penalty.

Unfortunately for the two of them, their plan missfired. Neither ever made it to where the loot was stashed. Stiles was captured within hours and re-incarcerated. Alvord barely made it to the Mexican border ahead of his pursuers. Their subsequent fates have already been told — fates that left no interim during which either could have returned to claim it. So, in all probability it is still there; but where?

Bill Downing came closest to pin-pointing it. While in the Yuma prison he confided to a jailer that he knew for a fact that Stiles had buried it somewhere between the gang's hide-out in the Dragoon Mountains and the mining town of Pearce. It couldn't have been any other way, he claimed. Immediately after the robbery, they had taken the road leading due south from Cochise and had stayed on it for about thirteen miles to where it angled abruptly east toward Pearce.

At tha point they had turned west for less than half a mile to a hide-out they had used in the past. There they had holed up — all except their leader, Stiles. He took the loot and rode hard for Pearce in order to be there by day-break so that no suspicion would fall on him when news of the hold-up should reach his town. Being its constable, it was imperative for him to be on hand to lead the pursuit.

However, according to Downey, he stopped enroute long enough to bury his valuable cargo. Since time was of the essence, he would have done a super-quick job of it; under a dead-fall, perhaps, with a shallow over-lay of dirt and dried leaves. Dead-fall and leaves have long since returned to dust and it is highly possible that some curious coyote may also have scratched away the dirt, thus revealing a glittering horde of gold and silver bullion worth today at least ten times its original value.

The old Cochise-Pearce road is still there, (not present U.S. Highway 666), complete with an abrupt angle in it where it turns from south to east. Downing thought that right about there was the logical place for Stiles to have done his hurry-up job of bullion burying.

Should you ever happen to be travelling that country, it might be worth a look.

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CUSTER'S LOOT *from page 27*

Bratton's body and empty saddle bags were found the next day by two young black prospectors, the Dooley brothers, Hamp and Page, who hurriedly rode into town and notified Marshal S.A. Cravens.

It didn't take long for Cravens and the other townspeople to put it together, especially after assayer Jeff Dawson, who also functioned as the bank's teller, discovered that the vault had been looted and the bank's records tampered.

The amount of the shortage exceeded $120,000, according to Dawson, but how much of this represented the 'high living' that Bratton had done before he made off with the gold could not be determined. He had been a spender and until the embezzlement it had been assumed that he was a rich man who had been blowing his own funds. Investigation revealed that his wage in Denver, prior to launching the Dakota Bank & Depository Co., had been $70 a month. His big spending, it was apparent, had been done with the depositors' gold.

If Gilmour had quit his high living at this point he might have gotten away with the murder and theft. But he kept spending like he had all the gold in the Black Hills, sneaking out to the cache late at night and removing several hundred dollars worth of gold each time.

A group of depositors who had been fleeced by the embezzling banker organized a committee to investigate Gilmour's sudden affluence which coincided so mysteriously with Bratton's situation.

"We decided two of us boys would keep an eye on him day and night," the committee's chairman, claims trader, Ross Kummers, said. "We figured the little bugger had stole our gold and cached it somewheres and sooner or later he'd lead us to it."

Kummers and a prospector named Hodson or Dodson took the first spell at tailing the big spending faro dealer, who was still running a table at Stumbaugh's saloon five nights a week.

A little after midnight on Thursday, November 11, 1875 Gilmour slipped out of town and headed for the cache. "We was right on him, close as we could without spooking him," Kummers said, "when all at once he just up and disappeared."

Kummers was waiting in Gilmour's room at the Dakota Inn & Hostelry when the little man unlocked its door and came inside. "He seen us boys and drew and a course we drew, him getting the worst of it," Kummers said.

In a trial before Circuit Judge Elmer Cadwallader in Custer's schoolhouse on Monday, November 22, 1875 he was found guily 'by circumstantial evidence,' this evidence being the gold found in his pockets after he had been ambushed in his room.

"I'm sentencin' you to be hung by your neck until your thievin', murderin' soul has departed your mortal body," Judge Cadwallader said.

"Would you let me off scott free if I told these boys, here, where I cached the gold?" Gilmour asked the judge.

Cadwallader said he wouldn't even think of such a thing, that the law's integrity wasn't for sale. "How about just some prison time, then?" Gilmour pleaded.

At this point the crowd implored the judge to make a deal with Gilmour. Said Ross Kummers, "Give him 10 or 15 years in prison 'stead of hangin' him, if he shows us the cache."

Judge Cadwallader refused the depositer's pleas. "I already sentenced him to be hung and hung he's a gonna be!"

"Then I ain't never gonna tell you where that gold is!" Gilmour said, "and you ain't never gonna find it less'n I do!"

He beat the rope, dying of blood poisoning from his gunshot wounds during the night of Friday, December 3, 1875, two days before his scheduled hanging, refusing to the end to reveal the location of his cache.

"He was tellin' the truth," Kummers said bitterly years later, "when he said we'd never find his cache."

"We dug up half of Dakota searchin'."

THERE'S NO WORDS HOW WE FEEL ABOUT YOUR COOKIN', SO WE JUST VOTED!

BLOOD BROTHER *from page 29*

For all the supposed meanness, blown-up legends and glorified life, especially as played on film by Robert Redford, "Jeremiah" (John) Johnson was still a formidable, powerful man. Active into his seventies, Johnson did everything recounted in the movie, and a hell of a lot more, besides.

After avenging the murder of his Indian wife by killing the last Crow brave sent to murder him, Johnson made peace with the Crows, and continued to trap the area until the encroachment of natura's paradise by white settlers. He fought briefly in the Civil War, but was admonished for taking scalps. He quit the Army, and headed back to the mountains. At the age of seventy, Johnson became a Montana sheriff.

Then all at once, Johnson's health failed him. Eighty years old, his body could no longer keep up with his active mind. He was sent to the closest Veteran's Hospital over a thousand miles away in Los Angeles, and there he died in 1900, last of a legend.

Johnson's body lay undisturbed in the VA cemetery in Westwood for seventy years, almost forgotten until Redford's film. A group of high school students found out about the grave, and of Johnson's last wish to be buried in the mountains. Having themselves declared next of kin, they found a gravesite in the shadow of the Rockies, and hauled his old casket up to Wyoming for reburial. Robert Reford showed up as one of the pallbearer's.

But even Redford admitted that the most interesting character outside of old Johnson himself was a white-haired old man named Timberjack who held Johnson's old Hawken rifle triumphantly over the open grave, laid it next to the casket, and cried as they heaved the first shovelfuls of dirt over the coffin.

While Redford was busy signing autographs, fighting off fans and trying to make a mad dash for his waiting heliocopter, Timberjack sat quietly talking to a man few people even knew existed.

It seems that Johnson did indeed have a family, though much was never made of it. Because he had opted for his spirited, free life, his family had turned their backs on him, considered him a "black sheep." But Johnson had a nephew who respected his memory, and cared enough to attend his funeral.

He and Timberjack met, talked together almost as two trappers in the wilderness might swap stories over an open fire at night. Something clicked between them. They both felt it. But though Timberjack was the real

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BLOOD BROTHER

Continued from page 55

mountain man of the two, he felt an awed respect for the only living relative of the greatest mountain man who ever lived.

"I was sitting there," Timberjack says now, "and Johnson's nephew asked if he could borrow my knife. I flipped it over to him, and he told me to give him my thumb. I gave him my hand. He grabbed the thumb and split open the top of it with the tip of my knife. Then he took his own thumb and split it, too. I know it hurt, but he didn't even budge.

"Then he took both our bloody thumbs and pushed them together. He said, 'You are now blood brother to Jeremiah Johnson. You are the only blood brother as I am the last Johnson.' I started to cry. It was a great honor."

In the winter, when trapping is slow and the animals are all in hibernation, Joe lives in his cabin, preparing for the spring ahead, and the Rockies. After a couple of months, everything seems ready enough, and Joe calls it a day. He takes off with Tuffy for Casper, Wyoming and his vacation: a visit to the State School for the Deaf.

Several hundred miles later, Joe arrives. He begs, borrows or rents a snowmobile from somehwere and takes as many deaf children as he can handle out in the mountains for a few hair-raising rides. Communication is hard. Joe doesn't know sign language and the children are still too young to try and read lips, especially with Joe's curly-white beard trickling over his mouth. But still, they do communicate.

He takes them one or two at a time up and down the slopes, pouring on the gas to give them a thrill, but saving the best for later, when he's riding alone. Getting up his nerve, Joe takes off full throttle up a steep slope, hitting a sharp turn and tearing back down the mountain again. Snow flies in every direction, covering the trees in white overcoats. Joe cuts hard to the left to avoid a rock, hits a bump unexpectedly, and goes sailing over the handlebars while the snowmobile crashes to a stop.

Momentarily stunned, Joe looks around for his mount, gets back up and checks for damage. Satisfied, he climbs back on and guns the engine. "Hell that one was just for luck," and roars away again.

"It's always springtime in the Rockies if ya look fer it." It's always springtime inside Timberjack Joe, too. But you don't have to look for it, because Joe gives it free.

EVILS OF COWBOY MONEY

Continued from page 32

street.

The reason Sopher was steering clear of Welch's was that he had sold two policies on the family and hadn't filed them or the money with the Company. So I now knew why Charley had addressed him by "Gyp" instead of Ed.

I think we might have made it to the restaurant had we not met Hank Blagg (whom we all knew) and a lanky cowhand Hank introduced as "Shorty" in front of Lannigan's saloon. "Hot Damn!" Hank said. "Just in time t' have a drink with me an' Shorty."

"We just hit town," Charley hedged, "and are on our way to the bank to cash our checks."

"T'hell with the bank," Hank said. "Lannigan has more money'n Noble ever saw! Come on."

Bill Lannigan was behind the bar with Harry Trosper and after joshing me a bit asked what we were going to have. "Snake juice," Hank said and the others took the same.

"Twenty one just the other day!" I lied and took a short beer. Once Charley's and my sixty dollar checks were cashed the fellows were "off to the races." Drink followed drink even though I kept reminding Charley we had to get something to eat and a room, but I may as well have talked to a rock. Three fellows were at a poker table and one said, "Set in, Charley, and get your feet wet! Win yourself a batch o' money while we got a live sucker in the game."

Everybody laughed at this and as Charley and Sopher edged toward the game, Charley said, "Jim, don't you know money's the root of all evil?"

"Not unless there's a female girl behind it," the fellow guffawed. "Pull up some chairs."

Hank Blagg threw in a jibe of "Well there's a female here in town that's just a jump ahead of Charley an' he's in for the big shindig t'nite. Ain't that right, Charley?"

"Damn tootin'!" came Charley's answer as he and Sopher bought a stack of chips. "Just a couple hands, Gyp," Charley said, "then we gotta go grab a bite and get our duds from the Chinaman's. And, kid," he added, "you go the Fremont and get us a room and hurry back. My stomach thinks my throat's cut."

Eating had also been on my mind for hours. "Let's eat, then get the room," I suggested.

"Shut up," Charley ordered, "and get goin!" He had always bossed me around so I got 'goin'!'

At the Fremont I got a big room with two beds, where an electric bulb hung from the fourteen foot ceiling, for a dollar and a half. On returning I saw Charley had three stacks of chips before him and supposed he was winning. "Come on," I coaxed, "let's go eat. I'm starving."

"Who the hell ain't!" he snapped. "Just keep t' hell away from em for a while. Me an' Gyp's got 'em in the sack!" I could see he and Sopher were getting orie-eyed drunk and that Sopher was as avid a gambler as was my brother.

"What about your duds at the laundry?" I asked. "If you're going to take Effie to the dance you better get a move on."

"Just lay off this Effie stuff!" he growled. "And just to make yourself useful 'stead of ornamental hop up there and get our stuff."

My intentions were good, but on the way to the Chinaman's I did some thinking. If those Chinamen recognized me they'd kill me for the way us kids has pestered them when I first came to Lander. "Not on your life!" I said to the air and turned into John Buckley's Saddle Shop as I'd had my heart set on buying a pair of bat-wing angora chaps with inlaid color spots.

"Haven't a pair like that on hand right now," Buckley said. "I just sold the ones like you want. White with black inlays. But I have a beautiful pair of all white I think you'll like."

"I don't like these shotgun-leg chaps," I told him.

"Look at the wave in this mohair," he said. "Finest hide I was ever lucky enough to get. But let me put you wise to those inlaid chaps. They won't hold up in rough work. No matter how well the inlays are sewed in they soon being falling apart. For range work a straight leg pair will outwear three pair of inlaid ones and only cost half as much."

I could see where he was partly right but I was disappointed. However, I went back to Lannigan's with the $26.00 chaps, a double bozal for my hackamore and a cheap lady's-leg bridle bit.

"What the hell yuh done now?" Charley demanded. "Thought yuh wanted bag wings! Did yuh get our clothes?"

"Closed," I lied. "Locked up."

"Well the jumped up Christ!" Charley shouted. "Well to hell with the Chinamen. I'll hunt 'em up an' git our duds later on. Me an' Gyps gotta get some of our money so you go put on the nose bag."

"'Swat I say," Sopher mumbled.

"On the house," the night bartender said, distributing a round of whiskeys to the players. I dreaded

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going to the restaurant alone so carted my purchases up to our room. I was so disgusted with the pair and not having seen a one of my old Lander cronies I lay down on the bed. My legs still ached from those awful cramps that morning and it felt good to stretch out and try to think of something pleasant.

Guess I wouldn't have woke up 'til morning if it hadn't been for Charley feeling in my pockets. "Why the hell don't yuh take your duds off when yuh go to bed?" he growled.

"I must of fell asleep," I said. "What time is it?"

"Only a little after two. How much money yuh got left?"

"Thirty dollars and a quarter," I stammered. "Why?"

"I'll take the thirty," he said, "before you go blow it in on some more trinkets. How was the supper?"

"I was waiting for you," I whimpered.

"You're the biggest damn fool of a kid I ever say," he scolded. "I ought to disown yuh!"

Now knowing what else to say I asked if he'd got his suit and what about the dance?

"Now don't go givin' me that third degree stuff," he snorted, getting mean, "because it's none o' your damned business!" When I started whimpering he patted my back and said "Just don't worry about me. You take that quarter and go down stairs an' get yourself a good feed and I'll see yuh in the mornin'." When he was gone I undressed, turned out the light and cried until I fell asleep. I worshipped my brother and his mania for gambling tore at my heart.

The sun was shining through the window when Charley barged in, bleary-eyed and asking if I had any money. Before I could answer, he had the lone quarter out of my Levi's. "Now by God I'll have to hock my six-gun outfit!" he ranted. "We're not playing for matches!" With that he stomped out.

When I entered Lannigan's, Sopher was hanging over the bar sick as a dog and trying to peddle Harry Trosper a policy. I noticed some new players at the poker table and also noticed Charley was minus his gun, cartridge belt and chaps. But what made my eyes bug out was several high stacks of chips in front of him. I knew he'd sold everything but his horse and I even wondered about his horse.

I heard Charley say "I'm seeing yuh for the pile," as he pushed the stacks from him. A fellow wearing a minor's cap stacked chips against Charley's. My heart was pounding so loud I could barely hear the man say "Four bullets." As he spread out his cards Charley's loud curse told me all those potential dollars that had been before him were lost. "Now what?" I asked as he went to the bar.

He didn't answer me but said to Trosper, "How about a bottle for company."

"Sure, Charley, and better luck next time."

I don't believe I ever heard as much grumbling and swearing as came from those two during the next ten miles. We had reached the "Little Wind" (River) and were riding through a Shoshone Village of tepees when Charley said "By God I smell onions an' onions means stew! Let's hit up some Injun for a bit to eat."

It took quite a bit of palaver and sign language, such as opening our mouths and pressing fingers in our bellies, to make the Indians savvy that we were hungry. But soon the Squaw went to a simmering pot and ladled out three pans of stew.

As we sat cross legged lapping up the stew, Indians of all ages gathered to watch us, which made Snorter snort more than ever. "Best beef stew I ever tasted," I remarked to no one in particular.

"Cow no good for stew," a young Squaw said. "Him puppy dog."

"See," Charley said, "these damn Siwashes can talk American when they want to!" He had tied his hackamore rope to the shank of his Cross-ell spur as he was tired of Snorter jerking the rope while we were eating. Snorter, probably not liking the smell of Indians, was snorting louder than ever and Charley, being in no mood for this, hit the ground with his floppy Stetson and yelled "Go ahead and snort, yuh bastard!"

I had seen Snorter go hog-wild a lot of times but never anything like he did when that hat hit the ground.

I'M TIRED OF YOU - I'M TIRED OF THIS PLACE AND TIRED OF BUFFALO MEAT SEVEN DAYS A WEEK!

Swapping ends he got the rope between his legs and tore off, scattering Indians, dogs, tepee poles, canvas and everything in his path as Charley was dragged and being kicking every place but his face. Only that the boot came off after a hundred yards I'd of had a dead and mangled brother.

I heard one big splash in the river and had visions of us riding my grey double, or maybe Sopher's sway-back mare, as Charley had talked Sopher into coming with us and peddling his Insurance along Owl Creek.

Sopher wasn't much help but we were following Snorter's erratic tracks through the sagebrush north of the river when we saw him circling back half a mile down river with two young Indian riders in full chase. Luckily, they cornered the spooked horse at a bluff and captured him. But Charley's boot and spur were no longer on the rope. A hoof had no doubt cut the hair rope.

The four of us searched sagebrush and tracks for an hour then went back to the Village and found the luckless Indians trying to rearrange their downed tepees. Although Charley was a tattered mess he was still able to cuss and lit in on Sopher.

"Sopher, you son of a bitch," he began, "I've decided you're nothin' but hard luck! So the quicker I'm shed of you the better I'll like it!" Charley could be downright blunt, even with a friend and now, with a whiskey hangover, he was worse.

"Well," Sopher replied, "the feeling is mutual! Here you promised we'd have a swell dance and a turkey dinner! A hell of a Thanksgiving day you've wished on me! I never want to associate or even see you again!"

We had planned on making it clear to Blonde's, even if it took all night, but another obstruction halted us. The Padlock Roundup Wagon was camped at a run-down ranch on the "Muddy" where Bob Metzler was trying to eke out a living by — so some said — "Rustling whiskey for the Indians." For some unknown reason the Padlock was gathering all its cattle.

Maybe folks were right about Metzler as there was plenty whiskey in sight which Charley now needed. A few "Reps" were with the wagon branding spring-missed calves for their respective outfits and Charley was in for a lot of ribbing that night as we were all well acquainted.

"First one-bootted cowhand I ever say," guffawed Eddie Ilg, "outside of that jazbo who rode for the Double Circle. But he only had one leg!" Eddie had repped for the Bay State Pool that spring with the

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COWBOY MONEY from page 57

M Bar Wagon and I'd tried to hornswoggle him out of his bat-wing chaps. They had black and orange inlays all down the wings. I'd spied the chaps draped over a saddle as we rode in so would try again for a swap, as Eddie had complained about them being too long for him and my new ones were too short for me.

"Eddie," I said, "I just got these chaps but they're too short for me. How about a trade?"

"You could trade Eddie out of his wife," Lash Hinton said, "easier than you could his chaps. I've tried to beat him out of 'em for two years but no dice!"

"Well," Eddie hedged, as he eyed my chaps, "I dunno. I never cared for shot-gun leg chaps. But I'm either shrinkin' or them damn bat wings are growin' longer. Let's try yourn on." Once he was in the chaps he grunted a "Hmph! Prezactly my length! How come a shypoke legged critter like you got 'em so short?"

"Because of the marcel in that hair," I replied. "Buckley said it was the finest pelt he ever got hold of." Eddie's fingers kept playing with the marcel and I was sure I had him hooked.

"Oh," he finally said, "what the hell. Let the tail go with the hide! You'll find one pocket wore out, though, from packin' my six-gun but maybe you can sew it up."

I couldn't wait to get to the corral and into those chaps. After fastening the leg snaps I investigated the pocket to see if it could be sewed up, but when I ran my hand down through the hole to my sickening surprise my hand came out through an orange inlay! Feeling about, I discovered I could run my hand out through several inlays. The inlays were ready to fall off entirely although when the chaps were upright they were beautiful. I was sick with disappointment but made up my mind I'd die before I'd let that gang know I'd swapped for something that wasn't worth the match it would take to set it on fire.

When I ambled back I found that chaps trade, coupled with a jug of whiskey, had sparked the craziest swapping binge anyone could imagine. Sixshooters, boots, hats and jackknives were changing ownership and I heard Lash Hinton say to Charley, "If you want my gun so bad what yuh got t' swap me for it?"

"Nothing but one boot for the off foot an' a spur," Charley replied, "but I'll send you twenty dollars for the outfit soon as I latch onto some more money."

"What happened?" John Sales, the Padlock foreman, asked. "Spend all your money on that girl o' yourn? An' speakin' of girls reminds me that the Rebecca ladies was puttin' on a pee-warmer of a dance in Lander last night. I should o' been there but couldn't make it. How was it?"

"A lollapaloozer," Charley said and changed the subject by saying "What about the gun, Lash? I feel plumb naked without a hog's leg weightin' me down. I'll send —"

"Nope," said Lash. "I've go more money than coal oil Johnnie. It'll take more than money to get my gun." I noticed him eyeing my bat-wings.

"Why don't you sell him the damn gun, Lash?" Emil "Red Dog" Rothwell piped up. "You've toted that cannon for ten years that I know of an never knew you to so much as bust a cap in it."

"That's why I keep it," Lash said. "I call it my ante — cue an' in another hundred years it'll be worth moren' your old man's outfit." 'Emil's dad owned the Padlock.

After a few more drinks and swapping a few articles back to their original owners Lash said, "Tell you what I'll do, Charley. If you can talk your kid brother out of them chaps I might give a trade my careful, unbiased consideration." Lash didn't know it but right then I'd of traded those chaps for an Indian dog and killed the dog. Of course I knew I'd never get a cent from Charley, but I said "If Charley'll give me the twenty he offered you for your gun outfit I'll part with the chaps."

Lash unbuckled his cartridge belt, saying "here's where I put some fittin' clothes on your big brother."

Charley buckled on the gun, hugged me and said, "Now here's a kid brother worth havin!"

I was mighty careful when I unsnapped the chap legs and was relieved when Lash said, "Just hang 'em on my saddle out there and we'll have a drink on the occasion." It must have been a Real "occasion" because most of the gang drank until their legs no longer held them up.

It wasn't until we were loping along the next forenoon that I told Charley about the chaps. "Damn things ain't worth a plugged nickel," I said.

Yanking Snorter to a halt his face looked like he was about to throw an epileptic fit. "Of all the low down, contemptible, Injun tricks." he finally managed to say, "that's the lowest of 'em all! Well I'm makin' it right with Lash an' by God it'll come outa your money, Bub!" Gosh, he was boiling mad.

"Who'll make it right with me?" I came back at him. "Eddie gypped me out of my new chaps."

"Shouldn't o' bought 'em in the first place!" For miles and miles (until we topped the Owl Creek Mountains, looking down on the Anchor Ranch) that was the last words Charley said. Hadn't even answered me when I said "If it hadn't been for them chaps you wouldn't have that nice gun and outfit."

We had started down the long dugway when Charley suddenly said "Whoa!" Getting off he handed me Snorter's reins. Then I saw what had halted him. Several lobo wolves trotted away from a carcass and stopped to eye us. "Here's where I make myself a batch o' bounty money," he whispered and sat down, resting the long barrel of the .45 between his propped knees. I waited to see a wolf go down as there was a fifty dollar bounty on grown ones.

The explosion was so terrific I near lost both horses and through the smoke cloud I saw wolves speeding away and Charley rolling around as if in agony. While I was getting the spooked horses untangled he was crawling to where the gun lay. I saw him looking at it, then he flung it down the mountainside.

"What happened?" I called.

"Blew up!" he groaned. "Chambers rusted through," he said in a jerky voice, "an' the whole damn works went off at once. Help me on. I think my knee caps are busted an' maybe a wrist."

Fortunately, nothing was "busted" except the gun, which was a miracle! What was more of a miracle, for once Snorter let me help Charley in the saddle without a horse and man fight.

Doubled over the saddle horn, with blood running off his hands, I knew he was in a lot of pain and for the first time in two days I felt sorry for him. "Did I git anything?" he asked, weakly.

"Guess not," I answered, "except gettin' blowed up."

Charley sure put plenty venom in his voice when he groaned, "Wait 'til I see that sonafabitchin' Lash Hinton! you just wait!"

"Maybe," I replied, "Lash is saying the same thing about us." Then my mind turned to deeper matters. Here we were returning dead broke from what had promised to be a gala holiday. Well, came a comforting thought, out of my sixty dollar check I at least had a bozal and a bridle bit while Charley had nothing out of his. In fact, he had less than nothing.

Charley left this world when still a young man and I've often hoped, whatever his destination, he found no gambling there.

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SHOTGUN SHOOT OUT *from 33*

The Remington in Walker's hands had 28 inch double barrels and the 10 gauge shot could cut a man in half at close range.

Frenchy's shotgun, on the other hand was a pinfire system built in France in the 1830's and called a Lefaucheux. It used a shot roughly equivalent to 18 gauge and although a beautiful weapon to look at, was not known for its accuracy. In fact, over the years the last four of five inches of the barrel had become fluted, probably from being shot many times, and when discharged it would spray a wide area, not giving a concentrated fire. At 20 feet, which was the distance they were apart, the worst Walker might get would be a lost eye and a few puncture wounds.

Frenchy aimed his Lefaucheux right at Walker's midsection and shouted, "I bought this horse. My wife has the bill-of-sale. I don't want to shoot you. Let me go, now."

Walker raised the Remington and pointed it at Frenchy's head.

For a moment no one spoke. The crowd melted back standing together on the porch of the store. Then Walker said, "That's an old gun. Put it down, now, before it goes off and blows your hands up. I just want my horse. We'll take you to the sheriff at San Jose (about 10 miles distant) and let him decide if you stole it."

Frenchy eyed Walker closely. Could he trust this man who had twice thrown him off a horse he had paid for? He glanced down at his shotgun. He had cocked both barrels, his index finger was on one trigger, his middle finger on the other. But he did not want to shoot this man. He didn't want to hang, either. He started backing away again.

"I'm not letting any horse thief go free, either," said Walker. "You can see the Sheriff, but you can't just walk away."

Frenchy continued backing up and was now about 30 feet away. Walker suddenly lowered his gun and fired one barrel.

The 12 gauge shot went into the ground about half way between the two men gouging a hole and spraying dirt and some reflected shot on Frenchy.

Almost without thinking Frenchy pulled both triggers. The Lefaucheux roared. It was still aimed at Walker's mid-section.

A cloud of smoke billowed from his gun and the roar of a second shot followed almost immediately, but Frenchy had to wait a moment for the smoke to clear to see the result.

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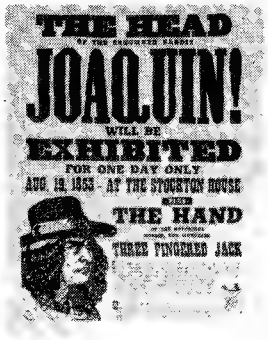

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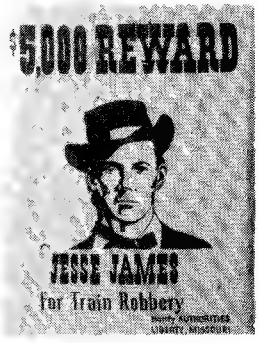

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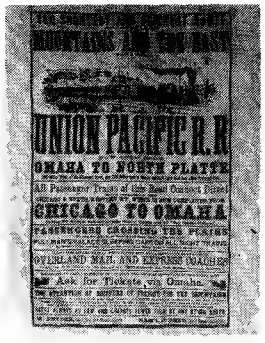

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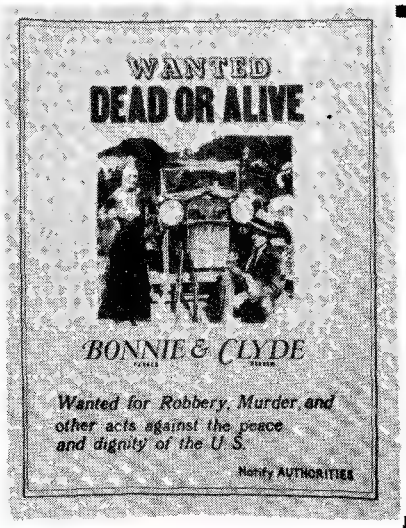

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SHOTGUN SHOOT OUT

Continued from page 59

Walker lay on the ground, doubled over with blood spurting from a dozen holes. He was moaning softly. But most surprising to Frenchy were the men in front of the mercantile store lying on the porch. Two were motionless, the others held various parts of their bodies. All were covered with blood and one was crying.

Frenchy couldn't understand, at first. His Lefaucheux must have sprayed them, but certainly it couldn't have done as much damage as he now saw. Then he looked back to Walker and the Remington. It lay on the ground where he had dropped it, still aimed at the store. When his shot, Frenchy realized, hit Walker, he must have thrown up his hands involuntarily. The shotgun had discharged, but not until it was pointed at the other men. It was Walker's gun that had done the damage.

Frenchy looked down at his Lefaucheux. Both barrels were split and only half of the tip of one remained. Then he looked at his hands; they were soaked in blood. He was also bleeding from his chest, face and legs. Without waiting, Frenchy ran for his horse, which miraculously remained unharmed and rode away.

As a result of the shotgun shootout, one man died, three lost eyes including Walker, one, an Albert Bean eventually had to have his left arm amputated because of infection, and two others suffered lesser wounds from which they recovered. In addition Walker received a wound in his intestines which eventually healed, but which prevented him from digesting food easily for the remainder of his life.

"Frenchy" LeFevre was arrested by the San Jose sheriff at his farm three days later. He produced a legitimate bill-of-sale, witnessed by the Priest at the mission in Santa Clara and was found innocent by a judge of horse stealing.

Since his shot was not responsible for the man killed nor most of the other wounds, he was found innocent of murder also, but was required to pay the doctor's fees, a small sum in those days, of the injured men. He was also required to return the horse to John Walker. The death and wounding of the men was ruled an accident.

But Frenchy did not get away so easily. Two months later he was killed by a doubled barrelled shotgun blast through the window of his home as he sat eating supper. His wife was also killed by the blast.

The killer was never found.

CAPTAIN JACK

from page 35

She sued the insurance company for her loss but had to wait three years for her case to come to trial. In the meantime she lost her third child to scarlet fever. This threw her into such a depression she didn't want to live. In a dream one night the words of a gypsy fortune teller came back to her. She had said, "You will be plagued by fire all your life but you also have a knack of finding hidden treasure."

Ellen awoke thinking about the dream. The part about the fire was certainly true. Would the part about finding hidden treasure be true also? Where was treasure hidden? In two places that Ellen could think of. In sunken ships in the ocean and in the ground in the West. Diving for sunken treasure seemed out of the question so she headed West.

She arrived in Denver in 1876. She decided not to stay and went further west. In the middle of winter she wound up in Gunnison Colorado with frostbitten feet. Fortunately for her, her feet were saved. It was in Gunnison she took her husband's name and that's how she is remembered. She opened a restaurant there and spent her leisure time prospecting in the hills around Gunnison. One day prospecting with three others she found a rock of almost pure silver next to a mine called the Black Queen. She kept very quiet about her find till she investigated the ownership of the mine. It had been abandoned by its owners. She found one of the owners lived in Missouri. She wrote to him and offered to buy his share. He promptly sold and she found herself half owner of the Black Queen. This mine proved to be one of the richest silver mines in the State. She had found the hidden treasure and her future seemed assured. Well, it wasn't. Life still had a few tricks up her sleeve for Captain Jack.

Shortly after she bought the ownership of the Black Queen the Ute Indians' last uprising took place in Gunnison. She was in her restaurant when they came through. She got her guns that she always kept handy and began firing. One Ute threw a tomahawk at her and hit her in the head. The uprising was soon quelled but she didn't know anything about it. She had a concussion and a bad infection.

Colorou, a Ute medicine man, was sent for "because he knew about the poison." It has been concluded from this that the Utes dipped their weapons in something before they went out on a warparty. Colorou came when he heard Captain Jack was sick because some time before this she had given him a lock of her blond hair and he thought it had magical powers. He came and put a poultice on her head, chanted over her and it worked. She began to recover.

A few years after becoming par owner of the Black Queen she met a man named Walsh. She had to deal with him and his partners because he had control of a road over which her ore had to travel. He was twenty years older than she and she was tired of fighting off the men she met in the restaurant so when he asked her to marry him, she said yes. The night before she was to be married she was awakened three times by the sound of children crying. She didn't know the meaning of all this but when she dressed the next morning she felt more as if she was going to a funeral than a wedding. Nevertheless, a bargain was a bargain and she stuck to it. They were married in Denver.

Immediately after the ceremony he left her sitting in a hotel room for several hours. When she got tired of waiting she walked to the train station and bought a ticket back to Gunnison. Two weeks later her new husband came back as if nothing had happened. As far as he was concerned it hadn't. He was a gambler and was soon after her for her money. One night she overheard him and another man plotting or murder her. Another time Walsh became so angry with her for refusing him money he shoved her head into the stove. It burned off her eyebrows and eyelashes. She screamed till help came but it so frightened her she arranged it never to be alone with him or any of his cohorts again.

Soon Walsh began to be badgered with gambling debts so he ran off and left her. She never knew where he went and didn't care but Captain Jack was on her way down. Bitter memories plagued her again so she decided to sell the Black Queen and leave Gunnison. She would prospect somewhere else. She sold her share of the mine for $25,000. Within five years it sold for $6,000,000.

Captain Jack thought she would strike it rich again. She went to Cripple Creek where gold was being found, but she never found another bonanaza. It wasn't because she didn't try. She prospected in the district for 20 years.

In 1921 a terrible flood went through the district badly damaging her cabin. Tired, worldweary, and old, Captain Jack never recovered from this last loss. Soon after the flood she died. It was ironic that with all her close brushes with death when she finally died, it was quietly and all alone.

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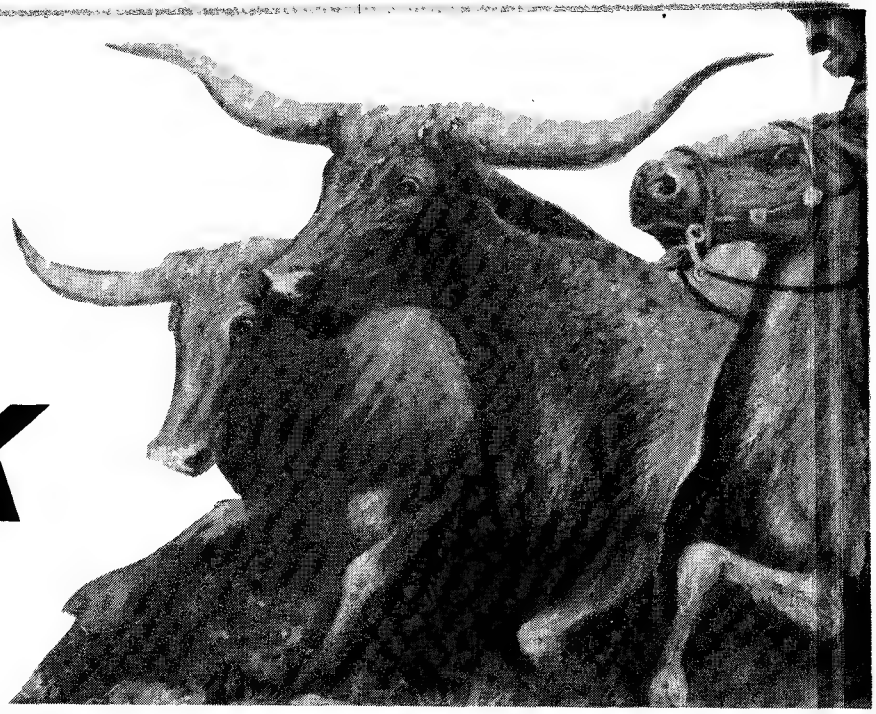

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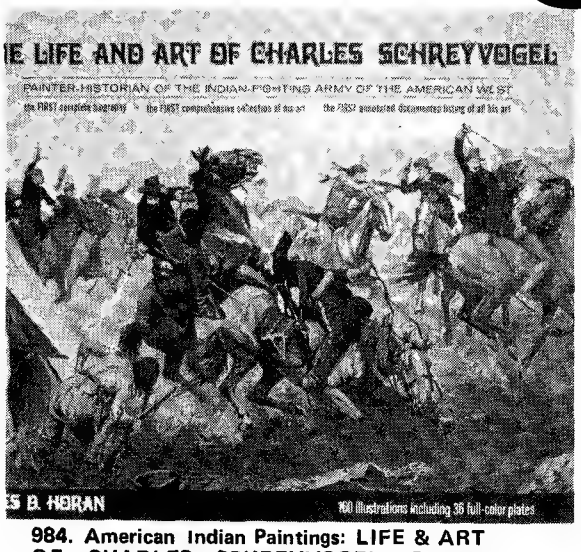

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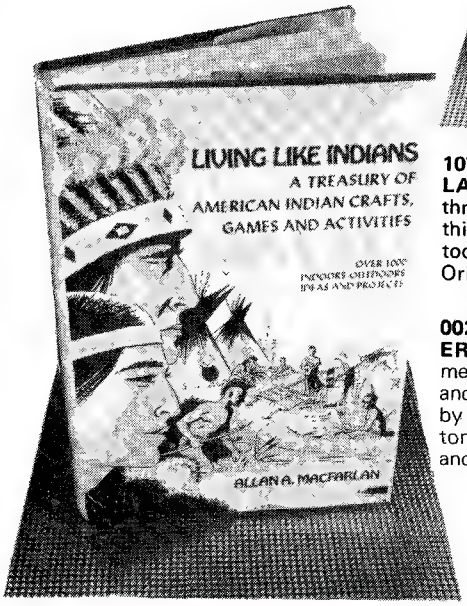

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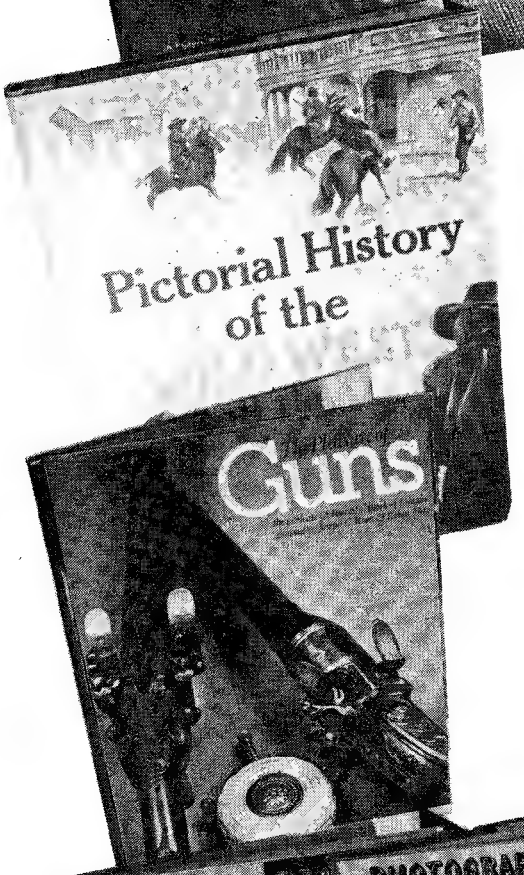

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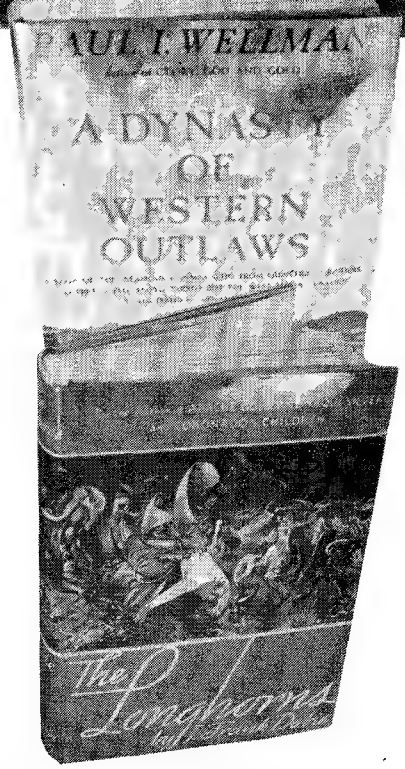

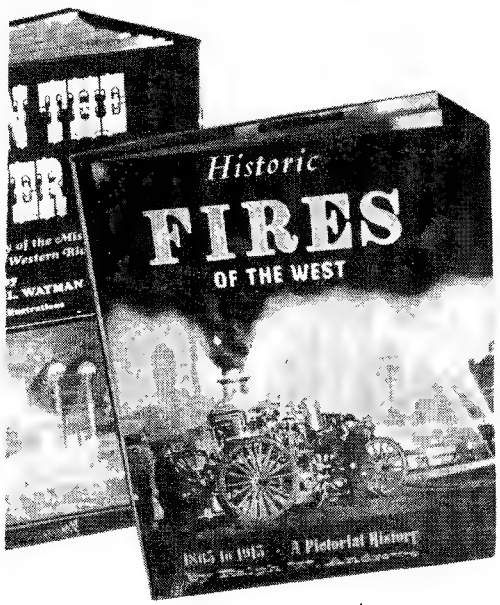

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GEORGE O'BRIEN — MOVIE COWBOY

Continued from page 39

fun as a kid. They gave me twenty-five dollars for that, and they gave me a little part where I died. It wasn't a big part, but they had to bring me back to Hollywood to shoot some interiors. So I came back to Los Angeles and starved.

"I worked extra, did stunts, and tested for everything. I tested for the LEATHER PUSHERS series — and Reginald Denny got the part. I tested for BEN-HUR — and Ramon Navarro got that one. And then I heard that they were looking for an unknown for the lead in THE IRON HORSE. I went to see the director — John Ford.

"He asked me if I minded taking a test, and I told him I'd tested for everything else. So he got Gertrude Olmstead to play opposite me and George Schneiderman the cameraman. We did a farewell scene, and he'd talked to Gertrude beforehand. After I kissed her I was supposed to go out the door. But when I started to leave, she held on — wouldn't let me go — and it added that something extra. Then, Ford finally said 'O.K., now out the door — no make it the window.' And I dived out the window."

The test was sent to New York, and George waited. Finally he got a call from Ford, and he went to the studio. The news was encouraging, but it was not the big break.

"Well, George," the director told him, "I'm convinced, and as far as I'm concerned you've got the part — but they're not sure back in New York. They want to know if you can ride a horse. Do you mind taking another test?"

George said he didn't, and a call was placed to the stable for a horse for a test. George's friend, Jack Moore, brought the horse from the stable, and when he saw George he was upset.

"George, is this horse for you?"

O'Brien told him it was.

"I wish they'd told me. They just said they wanted a horse for a test — this is just a stable pony."

O'Brien told him it was alright and Moore offered to stand out of camera range and give the horse a rap on the slats with a two-by-four to get it strated. George accepted the offer.

More weeks of waiting, and George O'Brien had to use his credit at a few friendly restaurants to eat. He left town to dig post holes on a friend's property. He was sure he had lost the part. When he finally got back to town there was a mesage waiting for him: Report to John Ford at the Fox Studio. The rest is history.

"If I may let my ego show, Ford and I together just zoomed, and right away they put us together for another picture: 'Together Again.' Then they broke us up. They felt I could carry it on my own, and they sent Ford off to find more George O'Brien's. They used me to develop their starlets. Janet Gaynor came over and did THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD (1926) with me. We discovered her. And Lois Moran and others, because after THE IRON HORSE, the theatre owners would say: 'send us an O'Brien.' I'm telling you this in a business way, because I took an interest. I got friendly with the exhibitors, and with Jimmy Grainger the Fox V.P. in charge of general sales. They'd force the theatres to take the turkeys by promising them my pictures. Because with Ford, or Mix, or myself the theatres didn't have to worry about the light, the water, or the rent or the projectionists' salaries. They knew they were paid for."

O'Brien became one of the biggest starts of the silent era, appearing in a number of classic films. John Ford's classic Western, THREE BAD MEN (1927), F.U. Murnau's SUNRISE (1927), FIG LEAVES, directed by Howard Hawks (1926), and he was loaned to Warner Brothers to star in their extravaganza, NOAH'S ARK (1929). Then sound came in and his contract was cancelled.

"We were all told — Jack Ford, Frank Borzage and all of us — that they'd have to bring in stage actors and stage directors because they were the ones that understood talk. It seems funny after building up names to suddenly say we've got a new thing good-bye. Because anybody can learn to talk."

George O'Brien had to prove himself again, and he did — again with John Ford — in his first talkie, SALUTE (1929). Two bit players in the film were John Wayne and Ward Bond. O'Brien was on his way again, and his next picture would be THE LONE STAR RANGER (1930). The film changed his career.

In the silent era, George O'Brien had played a number of different types of pictures. He'd been a boxer in THE ROUGHNECK (1924) and IS ZAT SO? (1927), a farmer in SUNRISE, and a British secret service agent in TRUE HEAVEN (1929). He had made only three Westerns before THE LONE STAR RANGER, but he would make very few non-Westerns after it. The public liked to see George O'Brien packing a six-gun and riding his horse, Mike.

In 1933 he married Marguerite Churchill, and in 1934 Fox decided they would make no more outdoor pictures. George O'Brien received his third cancellation from Fox!

"The studio gave me a testimonial, and Marguerite and I made plans to take a trip around the world. We got as far as New York, when I got a call from Sol Lesser. He wanted to make pictures with me — give me the same salary I made at Fox and give me a percentage of the profits. I told him I'd come back to Los Angeles. When I got back, everything was set, and the funny thing was that Fox was going to distribute my new independent productions! The exhibitors had put up such a stink when Fox cancelled my pictures that they had to get O'Brien back any way they could!

Over the last twenty years he has served on and off with the Navy around the world — including six years in VietNam. He starred in a pilot for a TV series that was to have been produced in the British West Indies, but the British Board of Trade imposed so many restrictions that the series had to be scrapped. His last screen role was in Ford's CHEYENNE AUTUMN (1964).

"I'd like to work if the part was right, but I won't do just anything. John Ford used to tell everybody that I was so rich I didn't want to work — and I guess everybody believed him. It is true, I don't have to work — and what with the Navy and the travelling I've done over the last several years, I just haven't kept up with what's been going on in the picture business.

"Right now, I think what I'd really like to do is a travelogue. I like to travel. Like to meet people. And I've had the experience — what with directing some of my own pictures. I think that would be fun.

"You know, everyday there's a picture in the mailbox someone has sent me to autograph, and I always do and send them back. I think that's part of being in the picture business. I'm grateful for my career — it's made it possible for me to do what I want. But the funny thing is, that I always got farther being the son of the Chief of Police of San Francisco than I did as George O'Brien the movie star.

"When I was away, I used to tell my secretary, if my dad needs any money let him have it. That's what I'm working for. I made him retire early because of his health and they didn't have very good pension plans in those days. Well, I'd come back and she'd say: 'He took a thousand — or fifteen hundred.' And I always told her it was alright.

"And when he died in 1933, he left a $10,000.00 insurance policy for my mother — and he had only forty dollars to his name. When we opened up his safety deposit box, there was a bankbook inside and a note. He'd invested all the money he'd borrowed over the years in my name.

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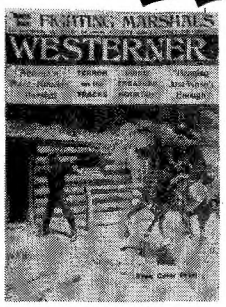
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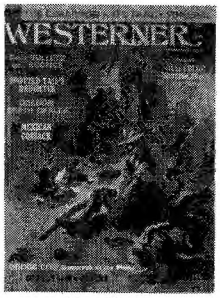
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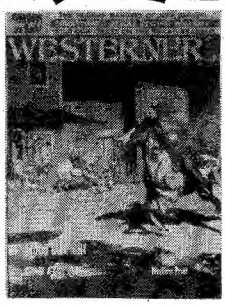
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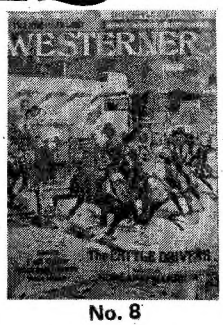
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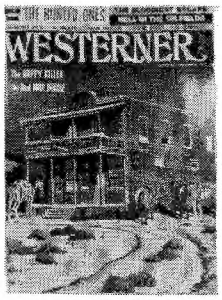
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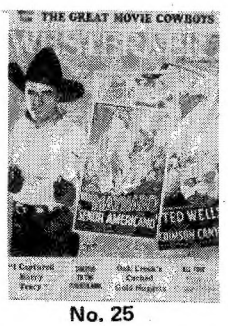
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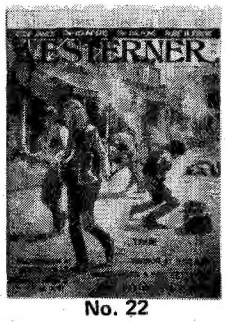
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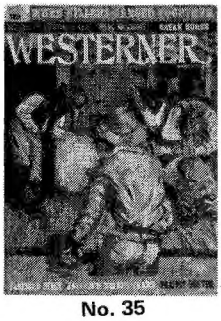
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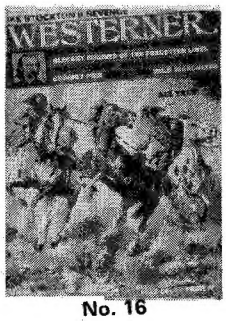
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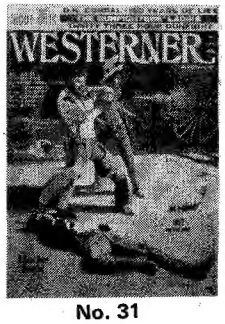
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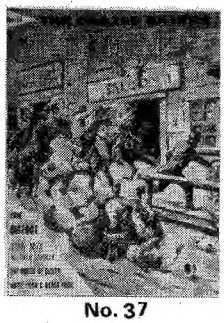
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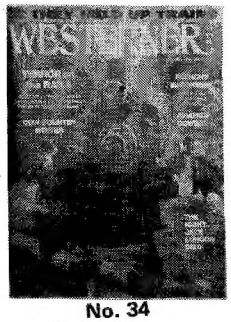
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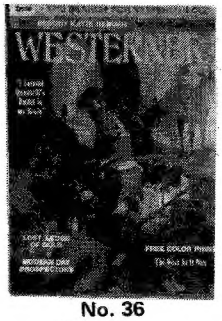
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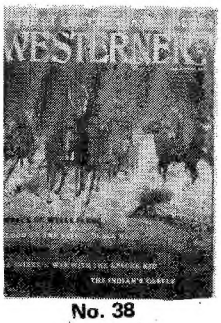
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LOVE, INTRIGUE

Continued from page 45

saved his life.

We had heard many tales of Heiden's erratic temper but nothing compared to the hi-jinks when Margaret was getting married; yet, in a way, he was right. Her choice of a husband was the wonder of all her friends. Her mother approved the match but to the old man it was nothing less than a disaster. He hated Margaret's intended (whose name few knew and now long forgotten) with all the venom in his ornery hide and when he found out they had obtained a license he vowed to "Shoot dat no-account if he come mit my girl again!"

But the wedding was coming off regardless of Heiden's threats, although it took considerable skullduggery on Rhudang's and Mrs. Heiden's part to accomplish it.

We around the Valley had supposed Heiden's threat had put the kibosh on any marriage intentions and knew nothing of the suddenness of the event until Rhudang galloped into the Anchor Ranch with the word.

"Pa just left for Thermopolish with a load of oats," Rhudang said, "and Ma and I have arranged for the wedding while he's gone. We've planned on this for a week without him getting wise but we thought he smelled a mouse this morning when he wanted to know what all the fuss was about. We told him we were having a dance tonight and you know how he never goes to a dance. We're having a dance, alright, but it'll be after the wedding. Jim Crosky's already hired to do the fiddlin' and the Preacher's comin' from Thermopolis. The weddin'll be at four so everybody be there."

"Why doesn't Margaret and that lummox skip out to Basin or some place to get hitched?" Blonde asked.

"Ma wouldn't stand for it," came the answer, "so we got everything fixed while Pa's away for a couple days."

"They better be to hell and gone away themselves," Blonde advised, "before he gets back or there'll be a killing!"

"They will be'" Rhudang said as he galloped away to spread the news.

"This we've got to see!" Blonde said to George Harshburger and me. "So we'll take the afternoon off and get spruced up."

From the number of cowboys and bronc busters, plus a few ranch wives, that cluttered the Heiden house and yard, Rhudang had done a heap of riding to round up so many guests in a few hours.

Due to Margaret's outdoor life she always appeared more like a jolly, prank-playing boy than a girl and since she wouldn't stop at any rough prank on us we treated her almost as rough in turn. She had inherited her father's square features andwasas flat-bosomed as an ironing board so she couldn't exactly be termed pretty. But she radiated a "Tom Boy" sweetness that offset her looks. To us cowhands she was just "one of the boys."

One day when three of us cowhands were going down the road from the Embar Post Office Margaret hid under a bridge and as our horses touched the bridge she flung her jacket up over the bridge with the result that our mounts turned wrong side out and left one rider sitting in the road wondering what the hell had happened. That was the sort of girl Margaret was and we loved her for it.

At the Heiden home we found Margaretlookingalmost prettyinawhite waist and green divided corduroy skirt but as for the two hundred pound, pot-bellied bridegroom "Ji (something or other) in white shirt, high celluloid collar and worn work Levi's we saw nothing for Margaret or her mother to brag about.

Although there was an air of worried expectancy on their and Rhudang's part the cowhands were making the best of it with the help of a whiskey jug Rhudang had for the event. We had noticed Rhudang several times on a shed roof where he could see the road through the cottonwoods and about four o'clock his yell fetched us from all quarters.

"Here he comes," he shouted, "but there's somethin' wrong!"

The long dust tail behind the buggy told us there was "something wrong," alright before the preacher's panting team swung in the lane on two wheels. As the team was jerked to a stop a hotless, frock-coated man leapt out and breathlessly chattered, "Is everybody ready? He's right behind me!"

Rhudang had lit out for the house and someone asked "Who's behind you?"

"Her father!" the Minister said on the run. "But it might as well be the devil himself! He'll kill us all!" During the commotion we learned he and Heiden had met on the road and although he had been apprised of the secrecy involved he had spilled the beans by choosing not to lie when asked where he was going.

In admitting he was to officiate at Margaret's wedding he had touched off the fire works. "Pi God," Heiden shouted, "you turn back or you vill all get mitt an undertaker more as a preacher!" But there was ten dollars at stake and the preacher wasn't about to turn back.

We had heard of "shotgun" weddings but never anything like this one. Time being of the essence right then the panicky sky pilot wasted no words on preliminaries but rattled off a mumbo jumbo in one breath as if he were auctioning off a horse to the highest bidder and, as he ran from the room, ended with "And may God have mercy on your souls."

"Hell's fire!" Blonde said. "The old fool must have been a Judge before he took up preaching!"

The Minister was clucking to his tired team when Heiden's lathery, big-footed draft team arrived and Heiden tossed down the lines and hit the ground. Shouting something we supposed was the Minister's name he headed for the house. "I be back Forcythe! Stay mitt your buggy 'til I dead kill you mitt my shoot gun!"

Forcythe — or whatever the name — hit his team a cut with the buggy whip and was gone. With Heiden in his present frame of mind there was little doubt that there was about to be wholesale slaughter. It took Rhudang, Dick Riggs and half a dozen others to overpower the jibbering, cursing maniac and truss him up in the woodshed.

Even though he was wrapped up like a mummy he could still scream curses and threats of killing everybody and especially the preacher and Blonde. Mrs. Heinden tried to pacify him but got kicked for her efforts and Margaret also felt both bound feet in her midsection as she attempted to kiss him goodbye before the couple lit out for parts unknown.

As for the humdinger of a dance and big feed Rhudang had promised us they never materialized. Old Heiden's shouted blaspheny was too much for the ears of ladies of that era to appreciate so we all called it quits.

A couple years after I had left the Owl Creek Valley for all time the news reached me that Blonde had been arrested for gunning down a shotgun wielding man. Who the victim was my informant's letter didn't say. But any one who attended Margaret Heiden's wedding well knew Old Man Heiden was a prime candidate.

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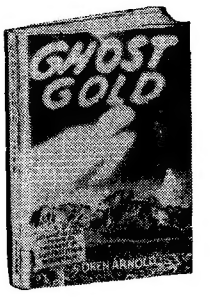

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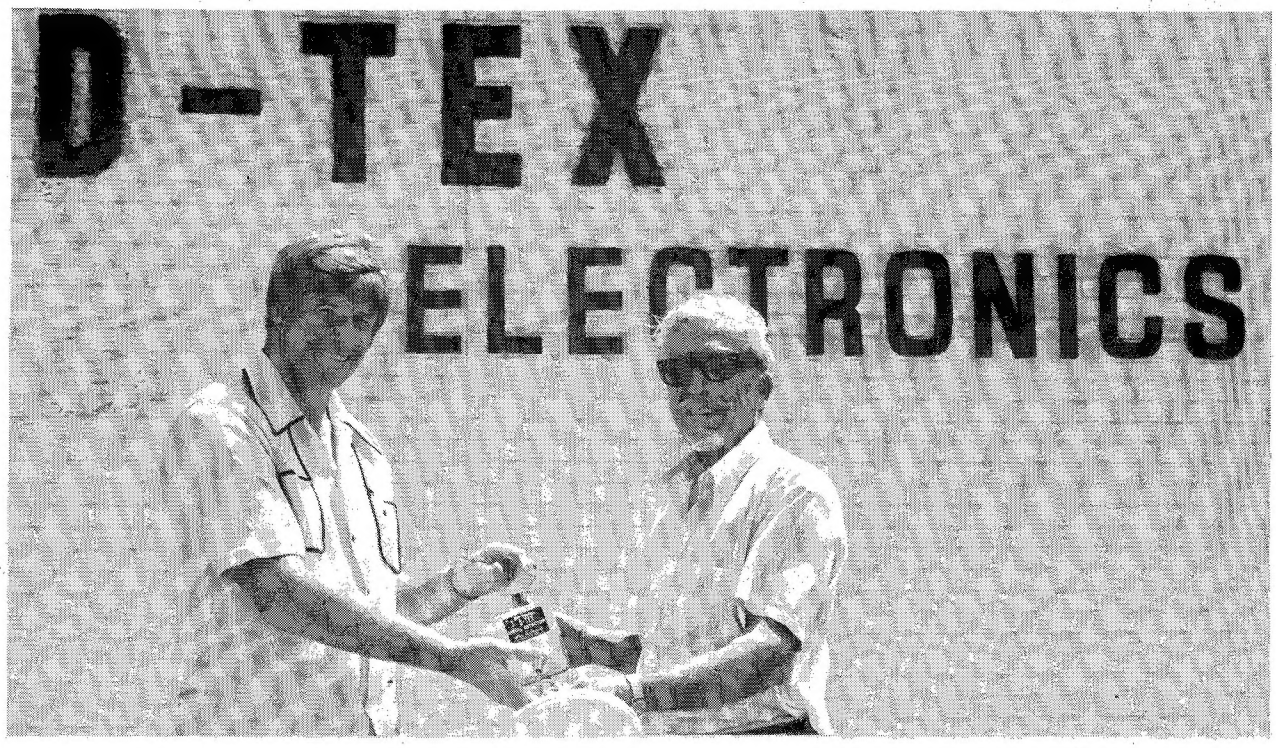

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BILL: Why are you just starting now?

BOB: In high school I started playing football and with the old school spirit I gave it my all. I stuck strickly with the training schedules and alon with my regular studies it just took all of my time. Then in college it was the same story. Actually I am just now having a little time t pursue what I have wanted to do for years. Pursuing the fading trails of history thru finding relics and artifacts with my new D-Tex Meta Detector.

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BOB: It is the history. The actual facts found in the many artifacts and relics of the bygone years of struggle and effort of our ancestors that ha the most appeal to me. Naturally if I happen upon what I think is a true treasure story I will pursue it. But to me the relics of yester yea are invaluable and are the things that money alone cannot buy.

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